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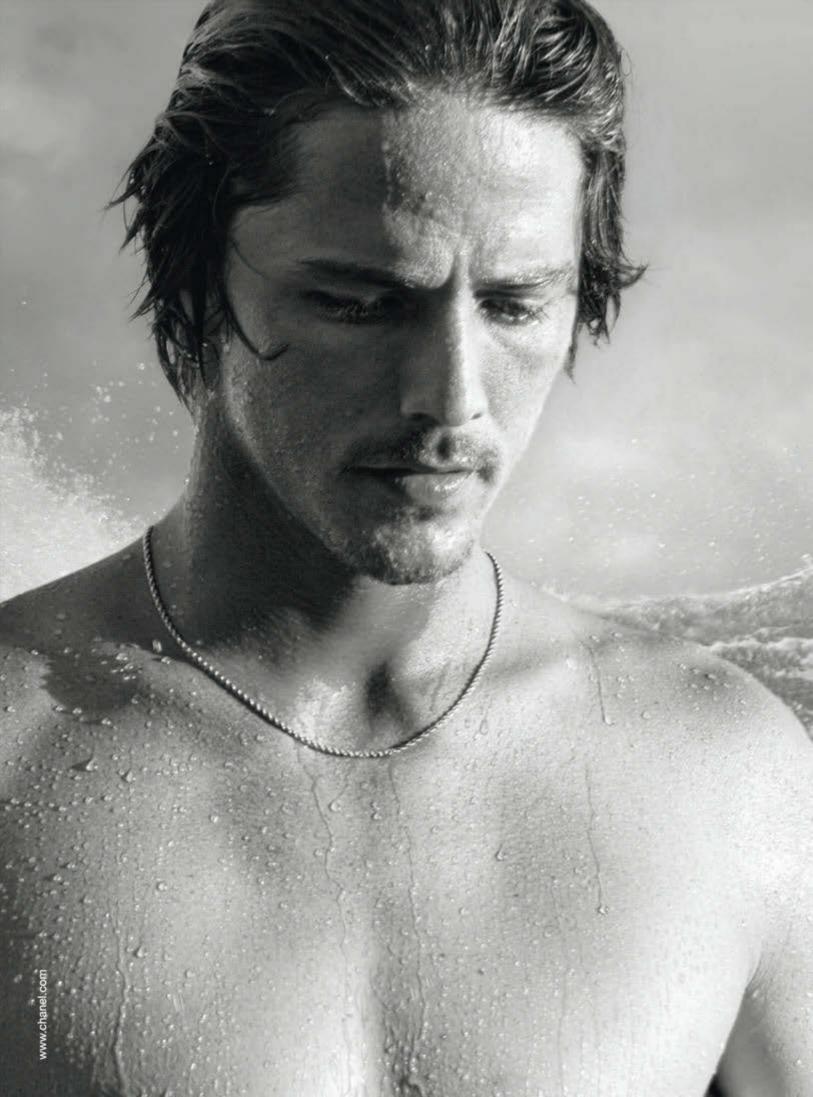




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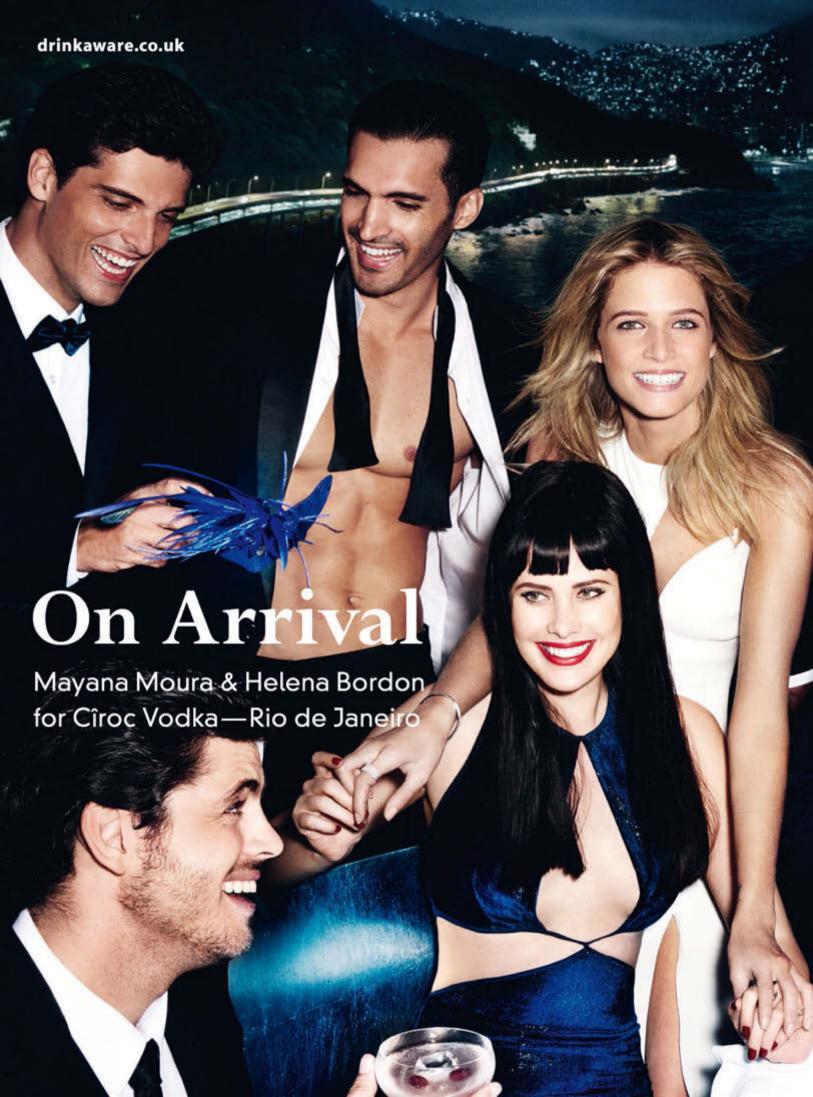


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COVERS





Jake Gyllenhaal

Photographs Eric Ray Davidson Jake wears Newsstand and Subscriber editions, and above: navy wool mohair suit, £1,300; white cotton shirt, £300, both by Burberry Prorsum

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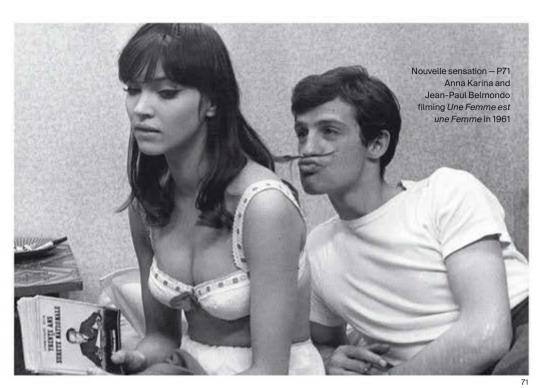
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WHAT I'VE LEARNED

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Vilebrequin Mooreas are the only swim shorts to be seen in

CONTRIBUTORS

Eric Ray Davidson

"It's pretty hard to be in a bad mood when you're shooting on a beach in Malibu and it's 72 degrees," says the Esquire debutant of this month's cover shoot. "Gyllenhaal and I are both dog people - I wish I could have a dog on set at all times - and he brought his new one along." Based in Los Angeles, the photographer's work has appeared in Vanity Fair, Details and The New York Times' T magazine.

Jeremy Langmead

This month, our style columnist ponders the sartorial codes of the fine art crowd after a year in their midst. "Considering how much colour exists in the artworks they admire, discover and bring to auction each day," he says, "you'd imagine a few more hues would creep into their wardrobes." A former Esquire editor, Langmead has recently rejoined luxury fashion retailer Mr Porter as brand and content director.

Tim Lewis

"Golf is in a really bad way," observes the contributing editor. "The defining characteristic of golf is it's really hard. I played pretty regularly as a teenager and I was still basically terrible. The US Navy Seal who shot Osama bin Laden took up golf and said it was more stressful than combat." A PPA writer of the year for his Esquire work, Lewis's book, Land of Second Chances (Yellow Jersey), is available in paperback.



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Tom Barber

This year marks the bicentenary of the Battle of Waterloo. A self-confessed geek on the subject, Barber found himself "in the not too glamorous outskirts of Brussels" while searching for the sites of the momentous clash. "On a lighter note," he says, "this month's Barber Dossier is Mykonos, where the only battle is for the best seats in the chicest beach restaurant." The contributing editor is also a director of *Original Travel*.

Ben Mitchell

The Esquire contributing editor talks winning fights and losing finals with Boris Becker and loving whisky and hating the dark with Andrew Flintoff. "The only disappointment," he recalls of meeting the Ashes winner, "was Flintoff's insistence that the 2005 Australian Ashes side are all thoroughly pleasant people. Even Ricky Ponting. I really didn't want to know that."

Mitchell also writes for Mojo and The Observer.

Catherine Hayward

"Harry Kane requested we bring no casual clothing to the photo shoot," says our long-serving fashion director, who styled the Tottenham and England goal ace for this month's fashion pages. "Not a problem for *Esquire*, I thought; a woven, pale pink, double-breasted suit from uber-luxe label Bottega Veneta proved to be just the antidote!" See the striking results on page 108.



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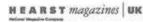
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EDITOR'S LETTER

EACH YEAR AROUND THIS TIME, I get a call from a newspaper features desk, or a drive-time producer, or a telly researcher, or all three, inviting me to comment on the lamentable condition of the British male in summertime. It's silly season, of course, and I know just what they're after. The genre: black comedy. The tone: exasperated amusement, fond derision. The substance: look at us tragic, misshapen, fish-out-water Brits, pasty losers to a man, outshone by our effortless, olive-skinned southern European cousins, our hard-bodied American beach brethren, the great mass of sexy, slender, shirtless international studs who put us sweaty, sunburned shallow-enders to shame.

Typically, my article or segment or quote will appear alongside a recent photo in which a red-faced British politician is caught making an unpardonable seasonal style faux pas: sandals with socks, short-sleeved shirt with suit. Or perhaps he's been long-lensed lobstering in the surf, a skinny-legged, pot-bellied embarrassment. In a baseball hat. Or clamdiggers. Or budgie-smugglers.

Naturally, I don't mind any of this. I'm a tart and a hack and a bread head and I'll happily expound, at any length, on any topic under sun or shade, so 500 words on the pitfalls of summer style for the price of a bottle of Prosecco is meat and potatoes to me. (That'll be meat incinerated on a Homebase barbecue, potatoes sliced into a slimy, mayo-heavy salad.)

As luck would have it, and to add injury to insult, I am precisely the kind of pale, wobbly Englishman who, as the mercury climbs, suffers the indignities of what I think of as Reverse SAD (we get miserable in the heat) so I'm well positioned to opine on Panama hats and factor 75 sunblock and wasp stings and sun rash and heatstroke and picnic fiascos and why never to take off one's shirt in front of a foreign lady, because she will immediately Google the number for Beached Whale Rescue.

Happily, however, I'm in a minority. All those newspaper articles and radio spots and TV reports are based on a hopelessly outmoded characterisation of the UK's Mr Summertime. They're stuck in the days of knobbly knees competitions and saucy seaside postcards, candyfloss and kiss-me-quick hats. In

our era of gym-buff bodies and shoes with no socks — not to mention the fact that in the summer of 2015 we Brits come in all colours, many of us beautifully brown all-year-round, rather than livid pink — most British men I know take to summer like sharks to the deep: sleek, chic and eminently fit for purpose.

Sure, there is still an unsightly army of leery, beery oafs that descends on tawdry Mediterranean resort towns to soak up the sangria and the third-degree burns, but the *Esquire* reader is above such things, unfazed by tropical conditions, by UV rays, by insects and grass stains and fast-melting Magnums.

So this issue of *Esquire*, rather than cowering under a beach umbrella like a Charles Atlas wimp, strides confidently poolside and lays its towel in full view of the DJ booth, offering countless options for warm-weather lovers, from primo swimming trunks (don't say we never spoil you) to Russell Norman's recipe for caprese salad, Harry Jameson's advice on how to look fit on the beach and our countdown of the 25 summer skills you won't need next month (or, indeed, ever again). Plus: sports casual, what it means and how to get it right.

Happily, from my point of view at least, it's not all sunscreen and sand between your toes. We have a second focus this month: sport. Two icons of glorious summers past — multiple Wimbledon champion Boris Becker and Ashes winner Andrew Flintoff — sit for interviews with Ben Mitchell. A brand new schoolboy hero, Tottenham and England striker Harry Kane, swaps his football strip for the best of this season's lightweight suits. And Tim Lewis takes on the curious case of golf, the sport with the fast-disappearing fanbase.

Finally, a standout feature that has nothing to do with summer fun, though the events it describes did happen in June. To report it, Tom Barber undertook a journey through space and time, to 1815 Belgium and to his own childhood bedroom, in south London, for a terrific piece on the enduring fascination of one of the signal moments in British military and geopolitical history: the Battle of Waterloo, which took place 200 years ago this month. I've had a close look at

the paintings and to be honest, I'm not sure Wellington and his men have much to offer us by way of sartorial tips for the summering Brit abroad. On this month's cover, however, is the handsome American film actor Jake Gyllenhaal, in a navy Burberry suit, strolling on a beach in Los Angeles. He looks great, I think. Relaxed, carefree, and comfortable in his second skin.

Could a heavily perspiring, middle-aged British journalist with a body that is not quite beach-ready possibly pull off a similar style sensation on his summer hols this year?

Don't answer that.



The Duke of Wellington demonstrates the stylish Brit abroad look, Spring/Summer 1815



"In our era of gym-buff bodies and shoes with no socks, most British men I know take to summer like sharks to the deep"



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UNCLE DYSFUNCTIONAL

Come on, men, the doctor is in — but he's losing patience with your endless grubby fixations. Aren't you concerned at all about life's bigger, more philosophical questions?

I'M FED UP WITH WAITING FOR you all to write to me with engaging and entertaining, thought-provoking problems. Why is it that young men think all problems begin and end with their penises? Yes, Derek, it is unnaturally small, but frankly that's the least of your worries. Go straight to the hospital for tropical diseases, your GP is not going to know what that is. And Thomas, thank you for that but I don't think "the guys" need to have the rules of "Is-it-cock-or-isit-balls" explained to them, and your photographs weren't helpful or indeed printable so we've sent them to a specialist website with your email. Gregory, it shouldn't smell of anything. And certainly not the last days of the Roman Empire. The words "smell" and "genitalia" rarely sit happily within the same sentence. Few people have ever said, "Mmm, I love the smell of cock in the morning." Or, "D'you know, I really get homesick when I remember the smell of my sister's Friday night pants?" So just to break from your punningly insecure pud-pulling, I've decided to take some letters from famous philosophers. This one's from Friedrich Nietzsche in Germany:

Don't you think that the man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies but also to hate his friends? Don't bother replying, I already know the answer. I know the answer to everything. And whatever you say will only annoy me. Because if you're wrong, the answer will be bovine and stupid, and typical of the small-minded masses who don't deserve to exist. And if it's the right answer, it will be even more annoying because I will have to agree with you, which is plainly impossible for a man of my philosophical stature and perfect foresight. Nurse, nurse! Come quickly! I can't get the top off the bottle!

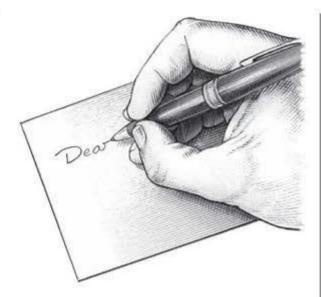
Dear Friedrich,

This is an interesting conundrum for young men, who are particularly attached to groups of friends, for whom belonging and loyalty attain a paramount importance. Young men tend to think that friendship transcends outside abstracts



like right and wrong. Most young men wouldn't think twice about giving a friend a false alibi. Indeed the definition of friendship might be that you are prepared to lie for a mate, to take one for the team. There are effectively two moralities: the one that applies to everyone outside the gang and the one that applies only to those inside. Gang morality will always be seen as a higher order than whatever it is the rest of the world lives by. But what you're talking about here is a third imperative, which is to be true to yourself and your knowledge despite everyone else, which I assume you mean as wisdom rather than merely facts. You need to be profoundly honest to give up merely personal

Young men tend to think friendship transcends outside abstracts like right and wrong. Most wouldn't think twice about giving a friend a false alibi



A world of complete freedom would be one of constant repression and restriction, a cacophony of argument, intensely dangerous and uncertain

animosity and attraction and you're plainly having a dig at your less clever thinker, Jesus Christ. But, of course, if you do love your enemies and hate your friends, you would simply invert your life and have a lot of mates you couldn't stand and a lot of enemies you were secretly fond of (which could be the definition of late middle-age.) I think the answer to your question, Freddie, is that you should be equally fond and critical of both friends and enemies and have a personal morality that you expect to apply only to yourself.

Dear Uncle Dysfunctional, Freedom is what you do with what's been done to you. Pick the bones out of that, you bourgeois apologist. J-P Sartre, Paris, France

Thank you, Jean-Paul. Freedom is a concept that we very rarely ask to have explained. The young are particularly keen on freedom because they notice all the facets of it that they don't have. Their freedom is defined by the things that constrain it. Freedom is effectively understood to be not a thing but the absence of the obstacles to the thing: if you took away all the stuff that hemmed you in, then you'd

be free. So, freedom is the absence of obstruction. But it is a quality that must by its very nature apply to everybody equally. Well, almost immediately your freedom is in mortal conflict with everyone else's. You can see that a world of complete freedom would be one of constant repression and restriction, a cacophony of argument, intensely dangerous and uncertain. The only freedom that is acceptable and workable is collective freedom, where we all agree to the maximum amount of liberty that can be allocated to each member of society to facilitate the greatest freedom of the whole. Most of this we organise ourselves. The bits we can't agree on we need governments to decide on our behalf.

But still, when you find yourself as free as you can be, when you leave the bespoke constraints of school, home and age, when you're old enough to have a job, to vote, free to make money, then you realise that actually your choices and desires are marked and limited by the things that have already been done to you by other people's freedoms. The way you've been brought up, the way that your parents and grandparents were brought up, how you were educated, the society you grew up in, what you have been exposed to and shielded from. Freedom isn't really delineated by the things that hem it in, but by your ability to envisage and utilise it. The greatest restriction of freedom is your fear and anxiety. There is in this the distinction between the freedom to and the freedom from: the freedom to keep slaves and the freedom from being a slave.

Thank you for that, Jean-Paul. And I'd like to pass on my favourite Sartre observation. You should say this out loud in a French accent, while having got up a photograph of Jean-Paul himself for the full benefit: "If I became a philosopher, if I so keenly sought this fame for which I'm still waiting, it's all been to seduce women, basically."













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Esquire Fashion / Grooming / Tech / Food / Cars Edited by Teo van den Broeke Goodjeans The six pairs you need this season - white included (really) - and the jacket to match Your most versatile wardrobe item — a strong pair of jeans will see you through most situations. Once you've found the perfect pair, embrace the look of the season and team them with a slim-cut, lightly faded denim jacket. Double denim might seem scary but it's easier to pull off than you think. Piece of straw in mouth optional Denim-suited and cowboy-booted: Robert Redford filming Little Fauss and Big Halsy in 1970



Adriano Goldschmied's American-made jeans are so comfortable they're like a cashmere jumper for legs. This slim-cut black pair will look just as chic worn with a T-shirt

and leather jacket as with a white shirt and blazer. £185, by Adriano Goldshmied



Indigo

Slim-cut indigo denim jeans look smart in the office but work well for weekend wear, too. This pair from 7 For All Mankind stretches to help hold its shape. £190, by 7 For All Mankind



Raw denim

Bring out your inner denim geek with G-Star's perfectly rigid raw denim jeans. We recommend teaming with a white T-shirt, navy overshirt and slicked-back haircut. Oh, and avoid sitting on pale furniture at all costs.

£220, by G-Star



Worn a little baggy with a subtle taper and perhaps an ankle roll, stonewashed jeans will look understated and chic. Team with white Superga sneakers and most importantly no socks, for a great off-duty summer look.

£95, by Levi's



A strong pair of well-worn jeans is best for festivals.

Opt for a slim shape and team with a loop-back grey marl sweater and (inevitably) a jazzy waterproof.

£130, by J Crew



Perfect for on holiday or in the pub garden, slim white jeans are a summer essential. Wear with penny loafers, a knitted polo shirt, soft navy blazer and sunglasses, and you'll look like you were made for summer, even if your sun-singed skin suggests otherwise.

£130, by Tiger of Sweden



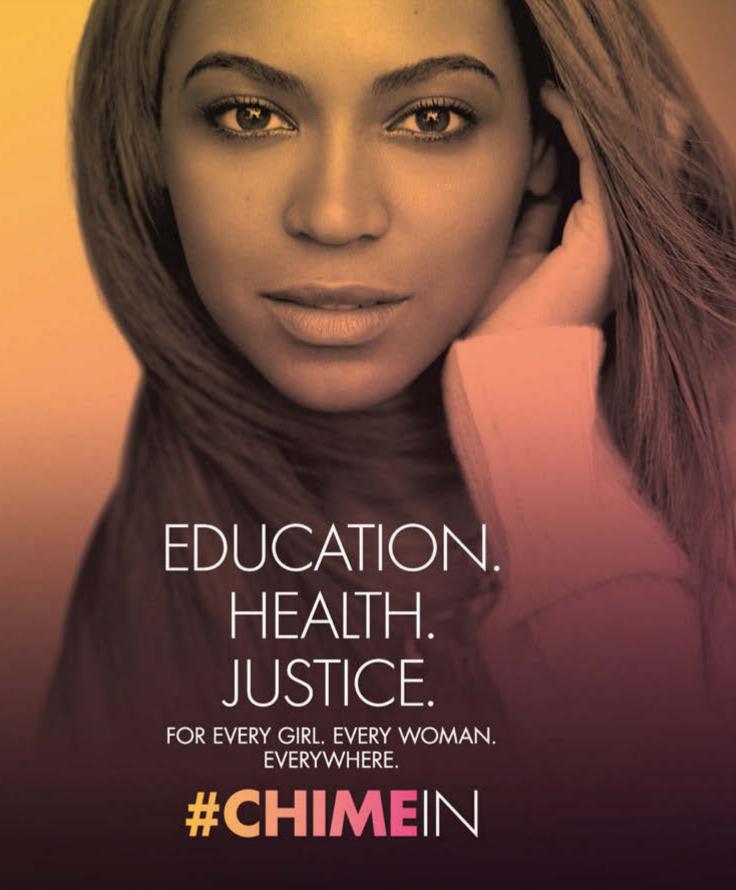
The jacket

A classic denim jacket is a year-round essential. Double denim is tricky to pull off, but do it properly and you'll look as good as Robert Redford. The key is to keep it simple. Team a cropped denim jacket with a contrasting underlayer — navy crew neck jumper or plain white T-shirt — and slim, tapered jeans like any of those above. Blue denim jacket, £160, by Paul Smith Jeans



The look

If in doubt, reference
Ontario boy Ryan Gosling
(far left), for the best way
to pull off a "Canadian
tuxedo". Go slim and
add extra under-layers
for depth. Colin Farrell's
boot-cut jeans with cowboy
boot ensemble, however,
is definitely best avoided.



Beyoncé Knowles-Carter
Artist, Producer, Entrepreneur, Wife, Mother, Daughter, Sister
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1. Official EU MPG test figure shown as a guide for comparative purposes and may not reflect real driving results. 2. 32 mile EV range achieved with full battery charge, 510 miles achieved with combined full battery and petrol tank. Actual range will vary depending on driving style and read conditions. 3. Domestic plug charge: 5 hours, 16 Amp home charge point. 3.5 hours, 80% rapid charge: 30mins. 4. Government subsidised charge points are available from a number of suppliers for a small fee - ask your dealer for more information. 5. Congestion Charge application required, subject to administrative tee. 6. 5% 8IK compared to the average rate of 25%. 7. Prices shown include the Government Plug-in Car Grant and VAT (at 20%), but exclude First Registration Fee. Model shown is an Outlander PHEV GAVA at E33,399 including the Government Plug-in Car Grant and metallic paint. On The Road prices range from £28,304.00 to £40,054.00 and include VED, First Registration Fee and the Government Plug-in Car Grant Metallic/pearlescent paint extra. Prices correct at time of going to print, for more information about the Government Plug-in Car Grant please visit www.gov.uk/plug-in-car-van-grants. 8. All new Outlander PHEV variants come with a 5 year/62,500 mile warranty (whichever occurs first), for more information please visit www.misubishi-cars.co.uk/warranty

Outlander PHEV range fuel consumption in mpg (ltrs/100km): Full Battery Charge: no fuel used, Depleted Battery Charge: 48mpg (5.9), Weighted Average: 148mpg (1.9), CO₂ Emissions: 44 g/km.

SUMMER JULEP TWIST

By Matt Wakeford, Bar G&V, Edinburgh

"The rocking-chair-on-a-porch drink is, of course, the mint julep, staple of the Deep South. While some classics are tricky to put a spin on, the julep's make-up lends itself perfectly to adaptation."

Sunny delights

Four of the UK's finest barmen mix their ultimate summer cocktails

Ingredients

- 25ml Psychopomp gin
 - 25ml Lillet Blanc
 - 25ml Aperol
 - Ice cubes
 - Lemon twist

Method

Pour all the ingredients over ice into a large rocks glass, stir briefly, garnish with a lemon twist and serve.



Ingredients

- 4 white and 4 red grapes (1 of each for garnishing)
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 6-8 fresh basil leaves
 - 20ml honey
 - 60ml Bulleit rye
 whiskey
 - Crushed ice
- Julep tin, if you have one, otherwise use a tall glass

Method

Crush grapes and pepper together in the base of the julep tin.

Release the aroma from the basil leaves by clapping them together and add them to the mixture.

Add the honey.
Fill the glass half full with crushed ice and shake well.

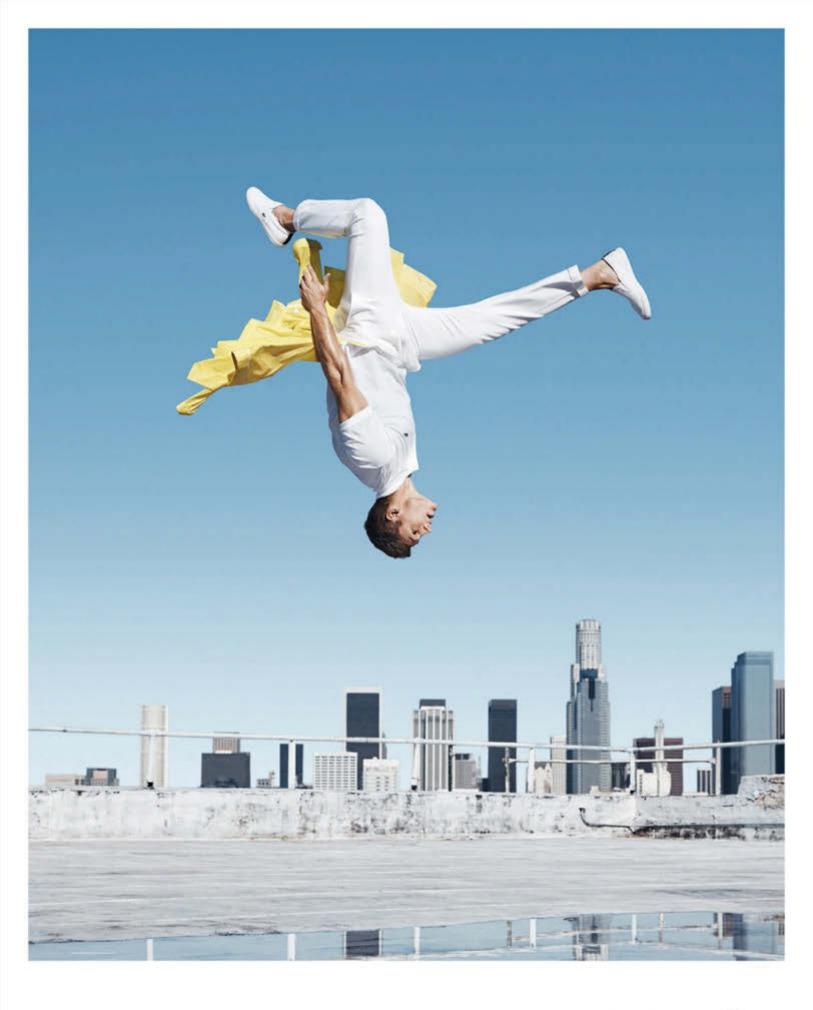
Add more crushed ice and then the rye whiskey. Shake well again and garnish with two fresh basil leaves, one red and one white grape and two small straws.

THE SUMMER NEGRONI

By Chelsie Bailey, The Milk Thistle, Bristol

"Like most bartenders, I love the classic negroni, and this lighter summer version is great in the sunshine. Summer drinks should be really easy to make, so you can spend less time mixing and more time drinking."

Photographs by Agata Pec





→ By the time you read this, I will have finished my year-long sojourn in the art world and returned once more to the cashmere-lined comfort of the fashion one. Working at Christie's gave me an intriguing insight into a wheeling, dealing, gavel-wielding world where triptychs by Bacon sell for £92.5m, abstracts by Barnett Newman go for £55m a pop and a 4m-high stainless steel orange balloon dog by Jeff Koons gets snapped up for £38m. All in all, it made a suede jacket by Saint Laurent look affordable.

The differences between the art and fashion industries are not as great as you may imagine: one reason why the two frequently join forces for events during Frieze weeks in London and New York. Both worlds obviously applaud the aesthetic, work with form, colour and fabric, cherish the thrill of the new and have a respect for the classics, they both revolve around sensitive artists guided by hard-nosed businessmen, and, yes, the egos can be gargantuan on both sides.

Ultimately, it turns out, the fashion world is the more democratic one, however. The big bucks of the art world are in the hands of around 200 people across the globe who swap Warhols and Rothkos with the same ease of hand the rest of us used to exchange Top Trump cards in the school playground. Most artists tend not to offer fans diffusion lines or entry point accessories. (Although some are catching on to the idea: you

THE STYLE COLUMN

Jeremy
Langmead

New job, new wardrobe



can now buy iron-on spots from Damien Hirst's website.)

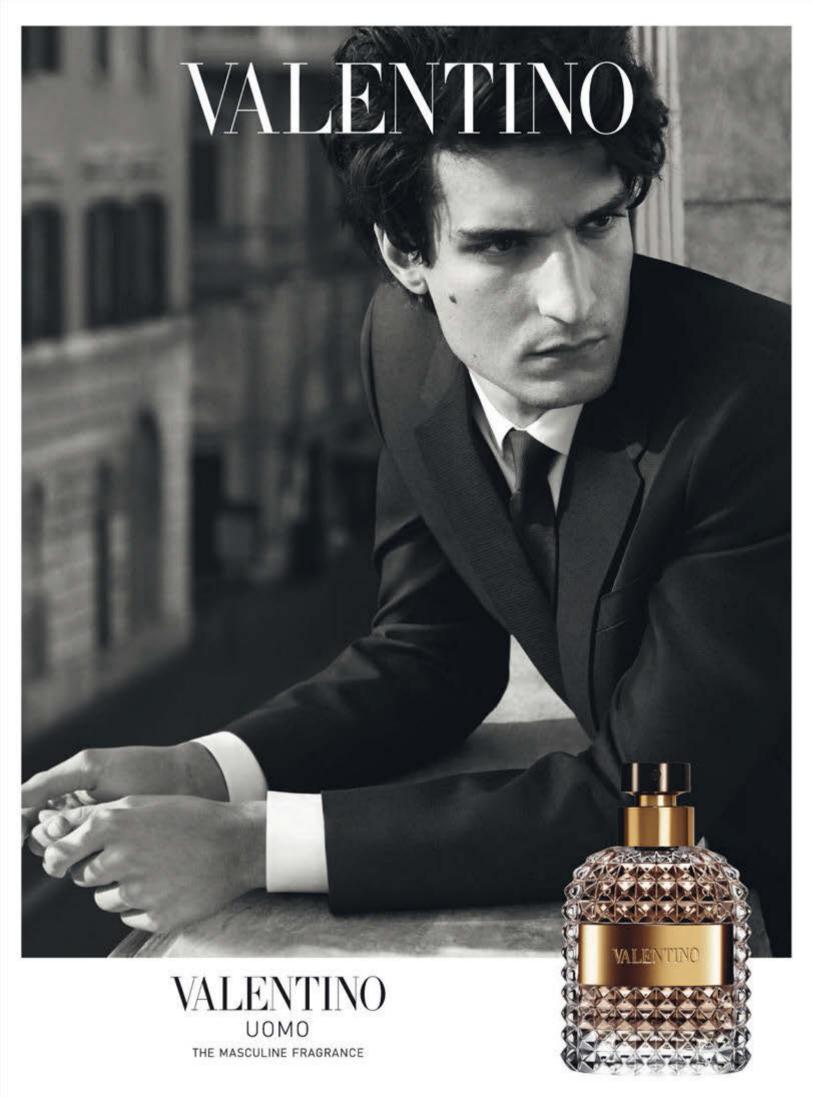
With dress codes, too, there is a sizeable difference. Within the art world, especially with the auction houses, the suit reigns supreme. And the differences between all the suits on display in the world's auction rooms are subtle; there are only nuanced nods to some of the trends from the last few years: jackets are a little shorter than of old, the blues worn are definitely brighter and lighter, and some of the younger specialists will forgo a tie - much like the main contenders did in May's General Election. But that is usually as far as it goes. Galleries are a tad more irreverent: a jacket and jeans

combo (mostly black or navy) is popular and sneakers — in pristine condition — are not unheard of.

So, like all of us when we change jobs, I'm going to have to rejig my working wardrobe a little. I can't pretend this is a task I'm dreading. Buying some new clothes while pulling a very serious face and pretending it's a drag, and telling my fashion-indifferent partner that my contract stipulates I don't wear anything without a designer label attached, is a cheering prospect indeed. In fact, it's a task I began before the ink was even dry on my new contract.

The truth is I don't really need to change my wardrobe at all. I'm not going to ditch all my Thom Sweeney tailoring for Agi & Sam shibori jumpsuits; nor swap my John Lobbs for some Lanvin sports sandals. But it will be nice to loosen up a bit. I'll be able to wear my new Thom Browne navy chinos with his signature four horizontal white stripes just above the knee on one leg without being asked if I spilt Tipp-Ex on myself (does anyone still use Tipp-Ex?); I can wear the pea-green Common Projects sneakers I mentioned last month without getting quizzical looks on the Christie's staircase; cheerily pop on my Michael Bastian cotton sweater with the red intarsia scorpions on the front and not be mistaken for a member of a triad; and wear a dégradé jacket without being asked if the colour washed out in the rain.

What I do want to splash out on this summer — and I've yet to find the perfect example — is a suit with a neat fitted jacket (single or doublebreasted) worn with surprisingly loose pleated trousers: a Twenties feel, I suppose. This straddles perfectly been my former art-world career and my resurrected fashion one. The two that caught my eye recently are the ones David Bowie wore on his 1983 Serious Moonlight tour (but not in those early Eighties peachy/ pastel colours) and Nicky Haslam's very debonair double-breasted version in a recent episode of Who'd be a Billionaire on Sky Living (I know). If anyone spies the perfect one, let me know. Meanwhile, I hope to see you all near a catwalk very soon. It's quite exciting to be returning to a world where I can actually buy something. Alas, the only Bacon I could afford at Christie's was from Ocado.





JAMES GURNEY

The night's watch

The 2015 Omega Speedmaster is out of this world



→ To Omega's credit, the brand has never been overly reverent with its one truly iconic design, the Speedmaster: the watch that the Apollo 11 astronauts wore on their historic Nasa moon-landing mission in July 1969.

Frequent re-issues and commemorative editions are released but it's when Omega reimagines the very first iteration of the shape, however, that the brand does the best. Such is the case with the latest Dark Side of the Moon editions. The twist

here is the monochrome. Its ceramic case has a depth of tone and texture you simply don't get with metal; it effectively sucks in light, thanks to a finishing process called "laser-oblation". In low light, the Super-LumiNova hour markers and hands seem to float in the darkness.

Clearly taken with the popularity of previous Dark Side of the Moon releases, Omega has produced four variations for 2015: Pitch Black (basic with green Super-LumiNova); Black Black (all black, even the Super-LumiNova, above); Vintage Black (heritage colour details); and Sedna Black (hands and inserts in Omega pink gold alloy). Inside the case is Omega's Calibre 9300 co-axial escapement movement, which uses printed silicon parts. All models are self-winding but will run for an impressive 60 hours off the wrist.

Dark Side of the Moon Black Black, £8,200, by Omega, omegawatches.com



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fiat.co.uk



Navy cotton long-sleeved T-shirt, £125



Brown calf leather shoes, £485



Grey flannel trousers, £230



Grey leather holdall, £1,285



Italian renaissance

Pal Zileri has a daring design overhaul in place for autumn

→ A new generation of in-house creative directors is rebuilding the reputations of menswear's most venerable brands. The latest to follow suit is Pal Zileri, Italian tailoring house, which has appointed Mauro Ravizza Krieger to overhaul its autumn collection.

A former consultant to Caruso, Loro Piana and Allegri among others, Krieger has Italian style in his soul. His debut collection for Pal Zileri, indicates a change in direction for the brand. Quilted country attire has been replaced with super-technical parkas; cable-knit cardigans are swapped for fine mohair knitwear; and elegant but straightforward tailoring usurped by ultra-sharp, detail-focused suiting.

Mauro Ravizza Krieger,

creative director, Pal Zileri

"The Autumn/Winter 2015 collection - available in-store from August - is radically different from collections of the past, and there have been two levels of action: structural and aesthetic," Krieger says. "Structurally, we reviewed all the fits, focusing on a new balance of proportions and working on the silhouettes. Then aesthetically, the collection has been brought from a traditional and classical language to a more urban, international one that merges sartorial aspects with innovative fabrics and processes. We have also added an extremely masculine line of bags and shoes to the core business, perfect to wear with a slim-fitting suit." palzileri.com



White cotton shirt, £185



Blue/black checked wool/ cashmere suit, £2,200





When in...

Know your beaches. We'll mention more about Fokos (see below), but other beaches have very distinct scenes. For a party, head to Jackie O beach club at Super Paradise beach for an all-dayer. For celeb spotting, Psarou Beach is the place; Nammos restaurant is a favoured haunt for those with deep pockets. Want to flaunt what you've got? Agios Sostis, a lovely and relatively quiet beach, has a secluded southern end for naturists. *jackieobeach.com; nammos.gr*

Lunch

Mykonos is all about beaches (see When In...) so you'll want to lunch there most days. Our pick is Fokos Taverna on the beach of the same name: it's a task to get to down a dirt track, but this keeps the hordes out, and it's worth it as the tiny taverna serves top nosh. Try the broccoli, bacon, almond and raisin salad with grilled fish of the day and an iced bottle from the short but sweet Greek wine list. fokosmykonos.com

Do

Get lost wandering the labyrinthine lanes of the Old Harbour. A quieter alternative to the New Port, you can take in the stunning views. After a tipple or two from the local bars, take a tip from Theseus on another Greek island and pay out a ball of string to find your way back home.

Drink

There are some cracking sea-view balconies and terraces to watch the sunset from in Mykonos Town's Little Venice, with homes perched precariously close to the sea. Hit Semeli The Bar for its cheeky ouzo, lime, apple, cranberry, strawberry syrup and grenadine cocktails. After dark, wend your (bleary) way around the corner to Astra, identifiable by the beautiful people spilling out. semelithebar.gr; astra-mykonos.com

Dine >

On the terrace at Roca Cookery looking across the picture perfect harbour in Mykonos Town and thus an excellent place for spotting the "have yachts". The food is high-quality modern Greek meze with a mean line in seafood, too (try the red snapper). As it's Mykonos there is also, of course, an outpost of Nobu Matsuhisa's sushi empire (at the Belvedere Hotel) for anyone prepared to take out a second mortgage. rocacookerymykonos.gr; belvederehotel.com

See >

The uninhabited Delos Island, a Unesco world heritage site and supposedly the birthplace of the Greek god Apollo, and now a useful decompression chamber after partying in town. Take an early morning boat from Mykonos harbour to beat the ferry crowds and wander alone around 2,000-year-old temples and amphitheatres on what was once among the most important islands in the Med. whc.unesco.org/en/list/530





Stay 1

At Bill & Coo, named after the call (and beak tapping) made by its loved-up doves. With just 24 minimalist suites and a killer infinity pool with views of the bay and the island's iconic windmills, this chic boutique hotel is perfect for lovebirds of a non-avian persuasion. Chef Athinagoras Kostakos has turned its restaurant into one of the best in Mykonos (if not Greece) and the new spa has a whole range of hangover erasing treatments, key on an island as hedonistic as this. bill-coo-hotel.com

Avoid

North coast resorts in July and August when the strong northerly "meltemi" wind blows. South coast beaches are better protected – however, the wind does make the beaches on the north coast perfect for kitesurfing.

Shop

At the venerable Mykonos
Sandals, which has been making
high-quality leather footwear since
1948. 'Er outdoors will love its
gladiator sandals, while the men's
Sagionara leather flip-flops are
great value and will last you for
decades. Socks strictly banned.
mykonos-sandals.gr

Party

Cavo Paradiso sits on the cliffs above Paradise Beach and is the place to watch the sun rise out of the Aegean Sea as Armin or Alesso lay down excellent house beats.

Don't even think of getting there until after 2.30am. cavoparadiso.gr

Why now?

Because the Greeks could do with your cash, and prices are down.
May, June and September guarantee sun without scorching heat; the first half of July sees the greatest parties, the best crowd and an uplifting atmosphere.

Get there

BA and Easyjet have regular flights to Mykonos in summer.



Can't bear to wear sandals in town? Here's three new warm-weather shoes that work







CASUAL

For Spring/Summer '15, Parisian shoemaker JM Weston has produced a range of super-flexible, ultra-light loafers in supple suede and full-grain leather. Wear them with slim chinos and some ankle on show.

Blue suede loafers, £420, by JM Weston



DRESSED UP

Featuring manually dyed leather uppers, a cork midsole and the lightest ever Goodyear welted rubber sole, these brogues from Bally's new Scribe Novo collection look chunky, but they're as light as air to wear.

Tan leather brogues, £650, by Bally



SPORTY

Available in black and brown leather and red and blue gabardine cotton, Church's first range of sneakers is as elegantly simple and easily adaptable as you'd expect from one of the UK's most time-honoured footwear brands.

Brown leather trainers, £220, by Church's











Why should I care?

If you mostly listen to your music on your phone while in transit, using a standard pair of headphones, you probably won't tell the difference. But there's a growing number of audiophiles, disgruntled musicians and regular consumers who have started demanding more. Another factor is one-upmanship: it's a rare point of difference. There are different types of hi-res "lossless" digital files, the most common being FLAC (Free Lossless Audio Codec), ALAC (Apple Lossless Audio Codec), WAV, AIFF and DSD. Last year, companies like LG, Sony and FiiO all launched high-resolution music players, while sites like Deezer Elite. HDtracks and Tidal offer downloads in CD or better quality. If you pay for Spotify Premium, you get what-theycall HD — better than the standard but not quite hi-res. Deezer Elite though uses FLACs at the same bitrate as CD quality - and five times the bitrate of Spotify Premium. (Yes, it gets geeky, quickly.)



THE HIGH-END OPTION

Krell Vanguard

US-based Krell are arguably the word's finest makers of high-end amplification. This amp can be specified with an optional digital board, which adds all manner of digital inputs including USB, HDMI and Ethernet. Supports Bluetooth streaming, while the amp delivers 200W per channel. £4,500 (optional digital board is £1,350)



THE NEAT HOME SOLUTION

Quad Vena + Quad S1 Compact Speakers

Integrated amp with built-in USB and streaming via Bluetooth — a tidy solution for hi-res audio. The premium sapele mahogany finish option complements the compact speakers in rosewood. \$700 + £600 (\$1 launching in June)



Where do I start?

If you're considering making the jump into a high-resolution music player (and there's plenty of good kit out there now), the catch is you're going to need a great set of headphones, or you're wasting your time. The better the phones, the more detail and resolution you'll be able to pick up. So invest in the headphones first, then work out which music player suits you, and which one you can afford.





THE RELUCTANT COOK

Picture perfect salad

Russell Norman's caprese requires superior tomatoes (but no flash)



→ You know how it is. You're in a restaurant, enjoying yourself with friends, family or loved ones, the food is great, the wine is flowing, the joint is jumping, and the conversation is scintillating. Then someone at the next table gets a camera out (invariably an enormous hi-tech SLR with a long lens and a flash) and before you know it, there's a full-blown photo session going on as each new dish is placed on the table.

Above: Russell Norman drizzles olive oil to finish his Italian salad There are now officially more food bloggers in the UK than there are men with beards, and it seems compulsory for anyone under 40 to have an Instagram or Twitter account peppered with photographs of food. But what is the etiquette for photographing food in restaurants? Why do so many people do it? Is it ever acceptable to use a flash? And should we be sharing our lunch with the rest of the world on social media?

I think the first question is simple. It is always bad manners to interrupt or disturb other diners and if your photography is in any way obtrusive, then you have failed. The second question is much more interesting. Why do we do it? Often people are so thrilled by the look of a dish, or so chuffed to be dining in a hot new restaurant, that they want to say, "Hey, look at me! Here's what I'm about to eat and this is where

I'm about to eat it." Often it really is for that ubiquitous food blog (everyone's a blogger these days). Sometimes (and this is when I occasionally, discreetly and subtly take photographs myself in restaurants), it is for personal reference and cataloguing. The restaurant nerd in me likes to be reminded of the dishes I've eaten and what they looked like.

It is never, ever acceptable to use a flash, by the way.

Should we be posting snaps of our tea on Twitter? Probably not. Generally speaking, no one else is really interested in seeing photographs of your food. (Be honest: are you ever that interested in looking at pictures of theirs?) And the real problem is that unless it is beautifully stage-managed, expertly lit and cleverly shot, amateur food photography is rubbish. A dish has to be a real looker to stand out. Brown food always looks terrible,

"It is never ever acceptable to use a flash when taking food photographs in restaurants"

meat just looks dead, and anything covered in sauce looks disgusting.

But there are some exceptions, and if you really must photograph food, choose the simplest dishes with the brightest colours and loveliest shapes. The recipe that follows is as pretty as a picture and really is incredibly easy to prepare. It is a beautiful summer salad from the Italian island of Capri and requires excellent ripe tomatoes. Do not skimp on cheap ones. They are simply not the same. Additionally, resist the temptation to slice the ingredients and layer them neatly. This is a common arrangement in mediocre Italian restaurants and it looks awful. You need this salad to be fully incorporated and to appear as though it has been lovingly thrown together in a rural kitchen by a southern Italian grandmother with sun-baked skin, twinkly eyes - and a moustache. 🍱 Russell Norman runs a number of restaurants in London. Visit









Insalata caprese

I'm not exaggerating when I say I could eat this dish every other day throughout the summer. In fact, I often do. Please make sure the ingredients are at room temperature before you start; the fridge inhibits flavour. Don't forget to photograph your finished efforts and post on Twitter. If you hashtag #TheReluctantCook, I'll be watching...

- 20 ripe tomatoes. San Marzano and other expensive varieties
- Flaky sea salt
- 4 x 125g balls buffalo mozzarella
- 20 basil leaves
- Extra virgin olive oil
- Focaccia to serve

Method

- 1 Cut the tomatoes into halves or bitesized chunks and place into a mixing bowl. Crunch a few generous pinches of sea salt onto the cut sides of the tomatoes and leave to stand for five minutes.
- 2 Cut or tear the mozzarella balls into sixths and add them to the bowl.
- 3 Tear the basil leaves roughly and scatter over the tomatoes and cheese.
- 4 Add a few glugs of olive oil and, using your hands, carefully turn all the ingredients over a few times until fully coated. Distribute equally into four large bowls and serve with a chilled white wine (Soave or Gavi di Gavi will do nicely) and a few thick slices of focaccia. The bread is essential for mopping up the juices from the bowl when you have finished.

russellnorman.co; @RussellNorman



Theo Hutchcraft

Singer

"If you find a good white shirt, treasure it! No matter how knackered I am, the second I put one on I feel like a prince. It can make a poor man feel rich and a shy man feel untouchable. It's carried me through more hangovers than aspirin."

White cotton-poplin shirt, £60, by Ben Sherman. Silver cufflinks, £140, by Alice Made This



Douglas Booth

"Black, slim-fit jeans form the basis of pretty much 80 per cent of my outfits. I wear them all year round, and they can be casual or formal. Sometimes I forego suit trousers for black jeans with smart shoes in the evening. I find them more elegant than blue jeans."

Black denim slim-cut jeans, £390, by Dior Homme



Jason Basmajian Creative director, Gieves & Hawkes

"The iconic navy blazer is a standby favourite and one of the most versatile pieces in

a man's wardrobe. You can take it everywhere - cashmere for winter, lightweight wool or linen for summer - and I love to wear mine with a crew neck sweater and dark jeans."

Navy wool-linen blazer, £595, by Gieves & Hawkes



Massimo Nicosia Head of design,

Pringle of Scotland

"I tr vel a lot, and a fine gauge sweater is something you can wear when going from a cold climate to a hot one, London to Hong Kong, for example. Then a white T-shirt and a blazer - nothing too formal. I always like things that are easy to pack and can be dry-cleaned easy."

Green merino wool-blend jumper, £650, by Pringle of Scotland



David Gandy

Model

"I know what works for me in terms of fit, colour and style. I don't follow trends, in many ways I try to be different and individual. The most important accessory is shoes, and Chelsea boots are my favourite. They're the most versatile thing in my wardrobe."

Black suede Chelsea boots, £475, by David Preston





Esquire's own PT, Harry Jameson, reveals how to stay in shape on holiday

→ Finally. That week off you've been looking forward to since 2 January is so close you can almost taste the poolside cocktails, can't you? Careful though, those boozy afternoons will take their toll, and you'll come back carrying more timber than when you left. The answer? Avoid a post-holiday gym binge with a little light exercise while you're there.

For more fitness tips, tweet Harry @harryjamesonpt



In the room

If you're travelling and want to build up a sweat in the comfort of your hotel room, I suggest the following five-exercise bodyweight warrior circuit. Warm up by jogging on the spot and throwing punches for 30 seconds two times, and try to do each exercise five times.

30 seconds of **bed jumps** (off the floor onto the bed, landing with soft knees)

30 seconds of **tricep dips**, hands on a chair



Plank for 30 seconds

Mixed martial arts pillow punches (kneel with two stacked pillows at either side and rain down punches for 30 seconds)



In the pool

Swimming is a fantastic form of full-body cardiovascular exercise, and it's non-weight bearing, so there's much less stress through your joints. The amount of energy required is dependent on the stroke and speed you swim, but here's a rough guide of calories burnt in 30 minutes. Butterfly: 404; slow front crawl: 257; leisure swimming: 220. The key here is to actually put some effort in, rather than casually swimming up to the pool bar.



On the beach

Running on sand is much more intensive in terms of energy required (and therefore calories burnt) than road running (300–400 per 30 minutes of activity), meaning it's great for saving time. Be careful though: it can cause shin splints in those that aren't used to it, so if you start to feel discomfort, stop.

You don't want to ruin your trip.



Getaway gear

The exercise kit that won't take up space in your suitcase

Swim gloves

Yes, you'll look a bit Aquaman, but swimming gloves help improve upper-body strength thanks to increased water resistance. Best used before the pool gets full. £ti, simplyswim.com

Sandbells

Suitable for a number of different workout styles, sandbells can replace your medicine ball or dumbbell white you're away, and you can fill them up on the beach. From £16, physicalcompany co.uk

TRX rip trainer kit

Mixing rotational resistance, core exercise and coordination training, the TRX trainer kit can be slipped into your suitcase, and then strapped to the hotel-room door. £180, trxtraining.com



JONES

Watch this (new) space

Jaeger-LeCoultre launches a fresh emporium, Lacoste boots up for winter, and Māzŭ Swimwear floats into view



01 Jaeger-LeCoultre

New London boutique opens

One of the most revered names in fine watchmaking, Jaeger-LeCoultre has produced many milestone designs since its founding in 1833, including the Reverso, the Duomètre and the Master. Now, the Swiss brand has unveiled its latest creation, a flagship maison on London's Old Bond Street. The pre-existing store on the same street will remain, but the new, larger space allows the company to fully display its extensive inventory of fine timepieces, as well as the most exquisite complications and a carefully curated selection of iconic historical designs. The new boutique comprises a series of art deco-styled salons, and houses an atelier for Jaeger-LeCoultre's master watchmaker to offer clients, connoisseurs and enthusiasts a special insight into its established horological prowess.

> Jaeger-LeCoultre boutique, 13 Old Bond Street, London; jaeger-lecoultre.com



Navy and pale blue "junk" print swim shorts, £120 each, by Māzŭ Swimwear



03 Mãzŭ Swimwear East meets wet

/

Setting itself apart from other premium beachwear brands, Mazu Swimwear designs are inspired by Hong Kong's maritime heritage. Its collection is full of simple block colours, with boldly printed "junk" (above) and "bamboo" motifs invoking high summer in the Far East - an interesting departure from palm trees or fish. Each pair of shorts, cut from woven polyamide fabric, features strong double-needle stitching throughout, and the signature red drawstrings are finished with gold-dipped aglets. mazuswimwear.com

02 Lacoste

Next season's footwear range

Lacoste's Autumn/Winter '15 footwear collection plays on founder René Lacoste's illustrious career so, naturally, simple tennis shoes abound. Unsurprisingly, the plain white leather take on the style is a key element of the collection, but at the other end of the spectrum are hardwearing work-style boots, such as the Montbard (bottom right). It might be summer but it's always worth keeping next season's essentials in mind. lacoste.com; asos.com







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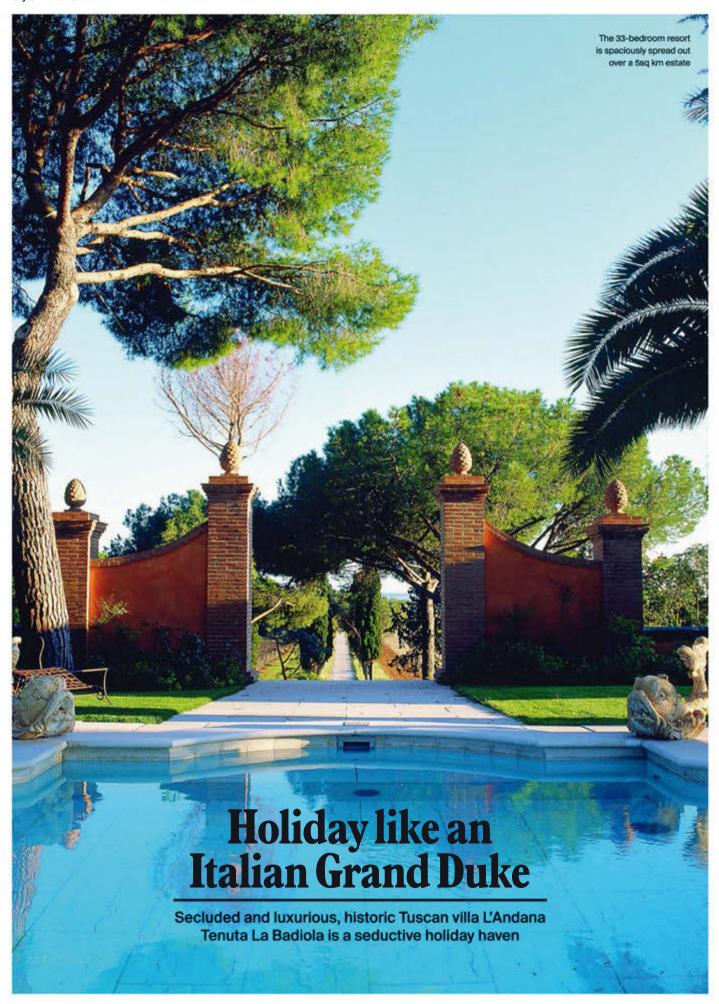
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→ What do you want from your

A swimming pool for the kids,

luxurious spa for the significant

if the sunbathing gets too taxing.

Our favourite upscale Italian

hideaway offers all this and more.

L'Andana is a spectacular Tuscan

estate, once the summer home of the

Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold II

of Lorraine. Clearly, Leo Two

summer holiday? Sunshine, obvs.

Sybaritic surroundings. Superlative

food. Service that is second to none.

other, somewhere to swing a golf club

The restaurant, La Villa, is run by superchef Alain Ducasse

02 The nearby town of Castiglione della Pescaia has stunning views of nearby islands Giglio. Elba and Montecristo

03 The resort features heated indoor and outdoor pools, a spa, tennis courts and fitness centre







Sited in the picturesque Maremma landscape, the hotel was built as a Medici villa

05 The interior mixes rural style with a more ornamental French design





What he didn't have, at the turn of the 19th century, was any of the aforementioned amenities (spa, pool, kids club, etc). Neither, for that matter, did he have a restaurant owned and run by the French superchef Alain Ducasse, winner of a remarkable 33 Michelin stars.

Nearby is the chic seaside village Castiglione della Pescaia, built around a medieval fortress but, to be honest, you'll visit it once, max, because once you arrive at L'Andana, there's really no good reason to leave. andana.it





8-I VA

LANCASTER BOMBER

24 JEWELS / SELF-WINDING AUTOMATIC AV-4038

Flight club

Even if you don't turn left when boarding, these in-transit essentials guarantee a first class journey



01 | **The blanket** Ivory wool, £425, by Loewe; *loewe.com*

06 | The travel wallet Tan leather portfolio, £750, by Loewe; loewe.com 02 | **The neck pillow**Blue cotton inflatable,
£235, by Gucci; gucci.com

07 | The moisturizer Replenishing cream, £70, by Dr Sebagh; drsebagh.com 03 | The headphones BeoPlay H6 Black, £330, by Bang & Olufsen; bang-olufsen.com

08 | The pyjamas Navy cotton, £190, by Derek Rose; derek-rose.com 04 | The condiments Chilli sauce travel pack, £6, by Tabasco; tabasco.com

09 | **The eye mask** Black nylon, £190, by Gucci; *gucci.com* 05 | The socks Blue cashmere, £40, by Johnstons of Elgin; johnstonscashmere.com

The right suit

In association with The Macallan

→ A quality suit worn properly with the correct accessories will make you stand out. The fit is paramount - if you can afford to go bespoke, then get one tailored, you won't ever regret it. Choose your colour wisely: black is inherently sombre; navy blue is ubiquitous; brighter blues can be bit too "pop star"; brown blends in to backgrounds and looks run-of-the-mill; and white is best avoided by all except billionaire yacht-owners. However, a twobutton, two-piece with narrow lapels in a classy, mid-grey tone will get you through a surprising number of situations in sharp style. Any pattern in the cloth, whatever colour you opt for, must be subtle — too loud and big and you risk being mistaken for a clown. Finally, when selecting a new suit, take the seasons into account and wear cotton or linen in summer and wool, tweed or corduroy in winter.

Photographs by **Luke & Nik**



Flexibility

A modern suit should offer versatility in the ways it can be worn, even as separate items. The jacket on its own will dress up a relaxed, open-neck shirt when teamed with a pair of dark, slim-fit jeans. A quality item of stylish knitwear such as a merino wool roll-neck or crew neck jumper perfectly complements the trousers for a less formal but smart style. Wear them with leather or suede loafers or trainers to confidently enhance the off-duty look.

01

02

The right accessories

To wear a full suit properly, you need the essential finishing touches. Go for a crisp, ironed, cotton shirt in white, pale blue or a subtle stripe, and make sure your cufflinks match. The tie should always be in a complementary shade, whether plain, striped or patterned, and add a co-ordinated tie-pin if desired. A matching pocket square adds focus to the chest area. Finally, always wear quality leather shoes and dark socks, black or navy work best.



Left: tan calf leather iPad Mini holder, £185; black aluminium and gold plated "Avorities" ball point pen, £260, both by Alfred Dunhill

Right: navy mohair wool suit, £650, by Timothy Everest. Pale blue/white Bengal stripe shirt, £95, New & Lingwood. AD coin silver "Sodalite" cufflinks, £180, by Alfred Dunhill

Left: Grey wool single-breasted suit, £650, by Hardy Amies. White cotton shirt, £125, by Timothy Everest. Silver, rhodium plate and black onyx "Monolith" cufflinks, £490, by Alfred Dunhill

Right: navy/white Bengal stripe shirt, £95, by New & Lingwood. Stainless steel "Escale Time Zone" watch on alligator leather strap, £3,850, by Louis Vuitton





Above: The Macallan Rare Cask single malt

→ Malt whisky is the fitting drink for the dapper gentleman. Besides epitomizing good taste, style and sophistication, it demands authenticity. And The Macallan's pedigree is among the very finest in whisky. Dating back to 1824, it was one of the first distilleries in Scotland to be legally licensed, with farmers on its land turning barley into malts long before that date. This longevity is just one of the reasons why The Macallan is the connoisseur's choice of single malts and to this day, the spiritual home of its whiskies remains the imposing 18th century Highland manor house in the Speyside region where everything began.

Add this to The Macallan's contemporary sartorial awareness in inviting leading fashion photographers to depict the brand's personality, and you've got the full package: inspired and refined style mixed with undeniable substance. Classic elegance requires finesse, and The Macallan's unflinching attention to detail ensures that it is the right whisky for the modern man — erudite, chic and dynamic.

03 Elements of style

Superior Equipment

It takes the right tools to achieve timeless elegance and the casks in which The Macallan's whisky matures are the rarest and most precious possible. They cost more than in any other distillery and are painstakingly cared for, especially the Spanish oak sherry casks that produce the Rare Cask, a rich and complex single malt with the warmth of chocolate and a light burst of citrus at the finish. This depth of flavour is achieved by using many of the casks used for aging at first fill, imbuing the liquid with as much taste as possible from the wood.

A choice of colour

Any fashionable man knows how important it is to find just the right hue to flatter him. The 1824 Series has a stunning spectrum of shades to choose from, all 100 per cent natural colour. Testament to the distillery's dedication to quality and craftsmanship, the array of options is purely the effect of the oak casks used during the maturation process. So, whether you are a Ruby, Sienna, Amber or Gold kind of guy, there's a fine malt in the The Macallan range to match your personality.

The finest foundations

True quality requires a solid core, be it from tailoring to distilling. Underpinning the very character of The Macallan is its peerless spirit, the clear liquid that forms the foundation of each whisky before it matures in its casks. During distillation, only the finest 16 per cent of this spirit is crafted into what you eventually savour. A gentleman would certainly have it no other way.

The importance of presentation

The flagship of The Macallan's 1824 Series is M. A full-bodied single malt, it is the most expensive whisky ever sold thanks to both the rarity of the fine spirit and the beauty of the spectacular crystal decanter in which it is presented. Just as a man must arrive in style to make a good first impression, so must his whisky.



The right bars

You don't find excellent single malts served just anywhere. The finest collections of whisky take care and expertise to curate, and this superior liquor must be enjoyed in an environment which befits its status. Try these bars for the best whisky experiences nationwide.

London

- The Whisky Bar at The Athenaeum
 Nestled in this chic Mayfair hotel
 is a warm and exceptionally refined
 bar serving more than 300 whiskies
 from around the world. If you want
 a quiet hideaway from the bustle
 of the capital, this is the perfect
 place to try working your way
 through its extensive list.
 116 Piccadilly, London WtJ 7BJ;
 athenaeumhotel.com
- The Punch Room at The Edition
 The oaken bar of the Punch Room in
 The Edition hotel will surely satisfy
 any Macallan afficionados. The
 cosily decorated den has the
 rarefied air of a gentleman's club,
 subtly nestled at the back of this
 popular hotel the ideal location to
 savour a quiet dram.
 10 Berners Street, London W1T 3NP;
 editionhotels.com
- 3 Searcys at St Pancras Grand
 Ideally located for Europhiles
 travelling on the Eurostar, this
 award-winning whisky bar (just off
 the Grand Terrace) stocks over
 50 brands, among them many
 Scotches and a few rare finds.
 Grand Terrace, St Pancras
 International Station, London
 N1C 4WL; searcys.co.uk
- 4 Milroy's
 London's oldest wine shop last year
 opened a subterranean bar plus
 a ground floor tasting table ideal for

those who are serious about their whisky. Measures are larger than the average at 35ml and, when purchased, premium bottles are stored in an in-house locker; the ultimate in suavity, you keep the key and revisit as it suits for a little nip when next in Soho. 3 Greek Street, London W1D 4NX; milroys.co.uk

Around the United Kingdom

- John Gordon's, Cheltenham
 A quirky and intimate watering hole
 for the whisky enthusiast, this is
 a well-respected wine and spirit
 merchant's with a friendly in-house
 bar. With around 200 whiskies, it
 attracts visitors from far and wide
 while providing an opportunity to add
 to one's personal collection at home.
 11 Montpellier Arcade, Montpellier,
 Cheltenham, Gloucestershire,
 GL50 1SU; johngordons.co.uk
- Brand new to the city is this whisky, wine and champagne bar housed in a stunning Grade II listed property near the River Tyne. Opulent surroundings and a lovingly constructed menu are soon to be boosted by a dedicated lounge for connoisseurs to relax in.

 Milburn House, Dean Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
 Tyne and Wear NE11LF;
 glasshousenewcastle.co.uk

Scotland

- The Road Hole Bar, St Andrews
 Gaze out onto the world's oldest golf
 course and its infamous Road Hole
 bunker from the welcoming bar at
 the Old Course Hotel. It stocks
 a range in excess of 300 whiskies,
 representing every operational
 distillery in Scotland plus a number
 which have ceased production.
 Old Station Road, St Andrews,
 Scotland KY16 9SP;
 oldcoursehotel.co.uk
- The Whiski Rooms, Edinburgh
 More than 300 Scotch whiskies are
 available for the discerning drinker,
 with beautiful views over The Mound
 in the heart of historic Edinburgh.
 Expertly supervised tasting sessions
 offer a chance to develop whisky
 knowledge even further plus there
 is a charming on-site restaurant and
 a shop selling over 500 varieties.
 4-7 North Bank Street, Edinburgh
 EH1 2LP; whiskirooms.co.uk
 The Whisky Bar at Amber,
 - Edinburgh
 Located within The Scotch Whisky
 Experience, the Amber Whisky Bar
 boasts a dramatically illuminated
 central bar highlighting nearly 400
 bottles to peruse, with further
 information provided in touch-screen
 form. Enjoy with artisan cheeses, or
 a full meal, for a fine whisky night out.
 354 Castlehill, Royal Mile,
 Edinburgh EH1 2NE;
 amber-restaurant.co.uk
- Gleneagles, Auchterarder
 Amid world-famous, classical luxury,
 a whisky masterclass at the five-star
 Gleneagles Hotel includes an
 exclusive tour of one of the country's
 finest cellars and a sampling session
 led by its whisky ambassador.
 The Gleneagles Hotel, Auchterarder,
 Perthshire PH3 1NF; gleneagles.com

04



The All-New Kia Sorento Made for perfectionists

Fusspots, nitpickers and the down right choosy, thank you. If it wasn't for your high standards we wouldn't have made a car as award winning as The All-New Kia Sorento. With great driving dynamics, leather upholstery, 360° around view monitor, smart power tailgate and smart park assist, it's enough to bring a smile to the face of even the hardest to please. Visit kia.co.uk to find out more. You make us make better cars.

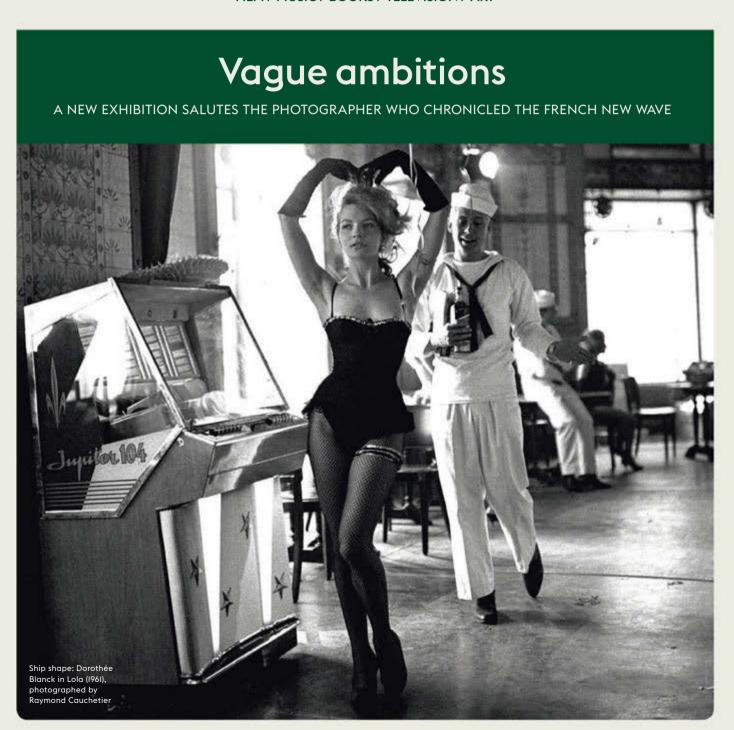




Fuel consumption figures in mpg (I/100km) for The All-New Kia Sorento range are: Urban 36.7 (7.7) - 40.9 (6.9), Extra Urban 46.3 (6.1) - 57.6 (4.9), Combined 42.2 (6.7) - 49.6 (5.7) CO₂ emissions are 177 - 149 g/km.

Culture

FILM / MUSIC / BOOKS / TELEVISION / ART







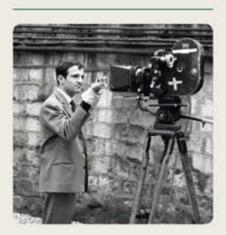
In focus: filming Jean-Luc Godard's A Bout de Souffle, 1960 (below right); Jacques Rozier's Adieu Philippine, 1962 (bottom); and director François Truffaut, 1962, (bottom left)

→ Raymond Cauchetier was a struggling photojournalist in France when he had a chance encounter with Jean-Luc Godard, at the time a film critic. Godard was making his debut film, À Bout de Souffle (1960), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg, so he hired Cauchetier to be the on-set photographer. Talk about catching a break — though it didn't seem it to Cauchetier at the time.

"Nobody thought the film would be a success," the now 95-year-old tells Esquire. That wasn't quite how things played out, and À Bout de Souffle became the touchstone movie of the "Nouvelle Vague" of French cinema, with Cauchetier documenting the movement and its proponents, including Godard and François Truffaut.

An exhibition of Cauchetier's images opens in June, including some unearthed in production archives. "My photos remained unpublished for more than 30 years, lost in dusty boxes," Cauchetier says. "It was only in 1992 they were resurrected and I began to 'exist'." It is existence in all its rebellious, ground-breaking, freespirited glory that his pictures reflect.

Raymond Cauchetier's New Wave runs from 17 June to 14 August at James Hyman Gallery, London, jameshyman gallery.com. A new book, Raymond Cauchetier's New Wave (Acc Editions), will be published alongside the exhibition







Whizz kid: South London's finest Jamie xx hits the decks at the Coachella festival in California, 2015



The xx factor

JAMIE XX'S NEW ALBUM DELIVERS ON HIS PLENTIFUL PROMISE

There's a playlist on Spotify called "jamie xx made this music cool". It's full of artists like Nicolas Jaar, Caribou and Fantastic Mr Fox, who produce slow-burning, deeply thoughtout electronica that's too slow to really dance to, but has too much going on to be chill-out. An unkind person might quibble with the playlist's title in a couple of cases: Jamie xx was eight when the Come To Daddy EP came out, and last time we checked, Aphex Twin didn't need much help with his credibility. But it serves as a neat illustration that right now there's no bigger poster boy for leftfield electronica than Jamie xx.

Known to the Mercury Music Prize panel as one-third of indie pop's The xx, Jamie xx has a successful parallel career as a producer and remixer for Drake and Radiohead, while Jay Z and Beyoncé have attended his gigs. Apparently fascinated by DJing since a boy

when he saw his uncle spinning discs in a New York bar, he's lately become something of a spokesperson for club culture: bemoaning the demise of London institution Plastic People, and decrying how overdevelopment is killing the capital's nightlife.

It all informs his debut solo album, which follows his acclaimed remix album with Gil Scott Heron, We're New Here, in 2011. In Colour is indisputably a Jamie xx work — clear from the opening chattering drum loop of "Gosh" — with new breadth and depth from instruments including steel drums, glockenspiel and gospel vocals (perhaps that's the title's meaning). It's full of nuanced beauty.

As with The xx, it's about the space around the sounds, as much as the sounds themselves. Bandmates Oliver Sim and Romy Madley-Croft add vocals to one and two tracks respectively, the latter adding suitably disconnected yearning to "Seesaw" ("I'm like a seesaw/Up and down with you") and dance-till-dawn euphoria to "Loud Places". At its best — the propulsive, melodic "Obvs" and trippy, dubby "Hold Tight" — this is instrumental music at its most transportive, invoking driving through deserted cities late at night.

Electronic albums can outstay their welcomes, as though the supposedly futuristic form of the music is a license to go wibbling off into infinity. But, The xx pop sensibility intact, *In Colour*'s author gets his 11 tracks to come in under 45 minutes. When they're finished you want to go straight back to the start.

In Colour by Jamie xx is out on I June (Young Turks)

Vague ambitions photographs copyright of Raymond Cauchetier, courtesy of James Hyman Gallery I The xx factor words by Johnny Davis I Getty





Bonza burgers (clockwise, from top left): Australia's deluxe Huxtaburger; grilled ham and pineapple; pulled pork and pickles; bacon and egg

The master builder

MEET THE AUSSIE CHEF WHO'S GOING TO BEEF UP YOUR BURGER

Daniel Wilson likes his hamburgers high. Not add-a-bacon-rasher-and-a-slice-of-square-cheese high, but vertiginous, gravity-defying, and near impossible to eat. In fact, the New Zealand-born chef and co-owner of the Huxtaburger restaurant chain in Melbourne, Australia, has thoughts on all kinds of burger-related matters, from the beef (Wagyu) to the chips (crinkle-cut) to the butter to brush on the bun (clarified), which he expounds in scientifically precise detail in his cookbook *The Huxtaburger Book*, published this month.

"A burger must be the sum of all of the parts and not just a rissole in a loaf of bread," Wilson tells Esquire. "Think of it like a movie, it cannot survive on one actor alone." (We're guessing he hasn't seen Sam Rockwell's excellent turn in 2009's Moon, but we'll let it slide.) The burgers in Wilson's recipe collection, which have a Cosby Show theme — perhaps a little more newsworthy than intended — include the Theo (double cheeseburger with bacon), the Vanessa (bacon and egg) and the Clair (fried chicken thighs).

For us, though, it's got to be the Cliff, named for the paterfamilias, stacked with 440g of Wagyu beef, cheddar, streaky bacon, beetroot, salad, pickles and an egg. And has Wilson got any tips on how to eat the Cliff with a modicum of elegance? "Turning the burger upside down is a more ergonomic way of doing it," he advises. But if all else fails? "Hold tight and open wide."

The Huxtaburger Book by Daniel Wilson is out on 18 June (Hardie Grant)









Pop idol: Jane Preston's documentary shows that cult hero Gascoigne is down, but not out

Alreet, still

A NEW GAZZA DOCUMENTARY BASKS MOSTLY IN HIS GLORY DAYS, FOR ONCE

Since he last kicked a football in the Premier League back in 2002 (for Everton), the life of Paul John Gascoigne has become a national soap opera. Fuelled by a tabloid press who use the former England star's battle with alcoholism to sell copies, we've watched his relapses, run-ins with the police and health problems through closed fingers, hoping the next rehab stint and recovery will last.

New documentary *Gascoigne* is, in part, an attempt to focus on the good times that went before all that. Directed by Jane Preston (best known for 2011's *Graffiti Wars*), it centres on an extended interview with the now 48-year-old himself plus fond memories from Gary Lineker, Wayne Rooney and a twinkly-eyed José Mourinho.

Told chronologically through archive footage, we watch Gazza's rise from a tubby kid kicking a tennis ball around the streets of Newcastle to "the most gifted English player of his generation", the tears flowing at Italia '90 and, of course, Gazzamania with its pop singles and Gazza-themed duvet covers.

There are poignant moments, too. Even when Gazza's joking about kidnapping an



ostrich to take to training, or being told off by Glen Hoddle, there is a vulnerability that is difficult to watch. A childhood tragedy in which he saw a friend die in a car accident and, more recently, the effects of being targeted in the phone-hacking scandal, are mixed in with the hagiography, offering some insight into a mind we casually file under "troubled genius".

What emerges most strongly, though, is a portrait of a man who found — and gave

— joy on the football pitch, more than any player from these shores before or since. Despite awful injuries, he lit up stadiums wherever he played and gave us, as Rooney points out, the most iconic England goal of all time when he double-volleyed past Scotland at Euro '96. As ever with Gazza, you're just left hoping the memories make him as happy as they do the rest of us.

Gascoigne is out on 15 June on DVD, Blu-Ray

Monster Zink

NELL ZINK IS THE LITERARY TITAN YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF



With most first novels, you can forgive florid prose or over-indulgent metaphors if you think there's a kernel of talent. US writer Nell Zink, whose official debut, Mislaid, is published in the UK this month, needs none of your benevolence. Here is a writer seemingly hatched in a state of readiness, like Athena popping out of Zeus's skull, whose words are so unfussily wise, so wryly confident, you can't believe she hasn't written 50 books before (or like novelist Jonathan Franzen — with whom

she has an odd pen-friendship involving bird-watching — suspect at first she's an established author using a pseudonym).

Mislaid, which is published alongside another novel, The Wallcreeper, that came out in the US last year through a micropress project (after Franzen, acting as her agent, failed to drum up interest with a major publisher), is a decidedly post-nuclear family saga. A gay poetry professor at a Virginia college marries a lesbian student; they have two children,

but the marriage founders and she leaves with their daughter, disguising herself as a black single mother (she's white) and taking up a sideline in drug procurement.

A fiercely original book, effortlessly readable and clever; the author dandles her characters with the fond detachment of an Olympic god. Zink is a rare talent. Thank goodness we've finally noticed.

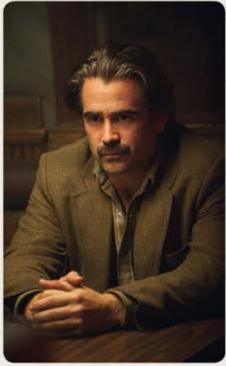
Mislaid and The Wallcreeper are out on 18 June (Fourth Estate)

Esquire Culture

Crime pays: True Detective last month beat House of Cards to win best international show at the Baftas. This new series stars Vince Vaughn (left) and Colin Farrell (right)







False Detective

FIVE THINGS SERIES TWO OF NIC PIZZOLATTO'S SIMMERING DRAMA IS NOT

I. A TALE OF A TURBULENT BROMANCE In the first series of Emmy-winning HBO crime drama *True Detective*, the tension between the two main cops — Matthew McConaughey's repressive drunk Rust Cohle and Woody Harrelson's seething family man Marty Hart — was as much of a plot-driver as wanting to find out which crazy redneck was putting twig-dollies in trees. This season has a different dynamic because there are now three officers in the

frame. Oh, and one of them is a girl.

2. PEGGY FROM MAD MEN'S NEW SHOW
The casting of said girl, Sheriff Ani
Bezzerides, was the topic of speculation for
quite some time, with the choice allegedly
coming down to Rachel McAdams (Sherlock
Holmes) or Elizabeth Moss (Mad Men). In the
end McAdams won out, as she tries to shift
the squeaky clean rep she's been stuck with

since 2004 chick weepy *The Notebook*. Playing a straight-talking Ventura County Sheriff's detective with gambling and drink problems on the side should help.

3. A SOUTHERN FRIED EPIC

The new series won't afford as many opportunities for actors to speak their lines in an unintelligible drawl (howdy Matt!) or while pretending to work an imaginary lump of "bacca" round their gums (hidy Woody!) as the location has been shifted from Louisiana to Los Angeles. But there might, like, totally be some other vernacular tics in the mix.

4. DIRECTED BY THE SAME GUY

Director Cary Fukunaga might be credited with much of the atmosphere of the first series of *True Detective*, with his penchant for exploring strange landscapes and

restrained, emotionally-charged set-ups. But he's not coming back for this one—reportedly because the schedule is too gruelling and he's got movies to make. The new run will feature multiple directors, but it'll be interesting to see if Fukunaga's blueprint has stuck.

5. FUNNY BECAUSE VINCE VAUGHN STARS

Aside from McAdams, the stellar cast includes Colin Farrell and Taylor Kitsch as a haggard detective and hotheaded motorcycle cop respectively, alongside Vince Vaughn as a criminal and entrepreneur with plenty to lose. And the reason they get pulled together? A freaky murder, of course. Let the agonisingly slow-burning second series commence!

True Detective: Series 2 starts on 22 June on Sky Atlantic HD

Esquire Culture



Sight for sore eyes: Optician Adi meets those implicated in the death of his brother, such as Inong (top), and Amir Siahaan (below), a death squad leader and commander respectively

7

Guilt free

IN A STARTLING NEW DOCUMENTARY, A BEREAVED BROTHER MEETS THE MASS KILLERS WITH NO REGRETS

Joshua Oppenheimer's 2012 documentary *The Act of Killing*, about the government-initiated slaughter of one million so-called "communists" in Indonesia in 1965, won a Bafta for its audacious stylistic treatment. The murders were re-enacted by the perpetrators at their own request in the form of a Western, a gangster film and a musical. It was shocking and strange.

The second part of the story, *The Look of Silence*, takes a more conventional, though no less affecting, approach.

Oppenheimer follows Adi, an optician, as he meets the men who were, at various levels of responsibility, to blame for the violent murder of his older brother, Ramli.

Adi's quietly confrontational style is all the more admirable and brave in the face of the blunt lack of repentance, even giddy pride, shown by the guilty, many of whom are still in positions of authority. But it's the neatly symbolic scenes where he tries out different optic lenses on the wizened old murderers, helping them see clearly again, that have the most poignant power.

The Look of Silence is out on 12 June







Teenage kicks

THE SECRET DIARY OF ROCKIN' RONNIE WOOD, AGED 173/4

Ronald David Wood's rediscovered 1965 diary reveals a 17-year-old much like any other — a teenager living with his parents yet dreaming of becoming a pop star. Only for Wood, there was some serious plotting going on.

At the time, he was playing guitar with r'n'b-rockers The Birds at a series of unglamorous locations, but young Ronnie still kept a meticulous record of gigs (7 May: "Bath Regency. Went as well as could be expected for a cruddy hole

like this"). He was also discovering the blues, the art of keeping women happy (19 March: "Kris mad at me! I was only three hours late") and life's perks (II April: "I got sloshed — and spewed muchly").

But what makes this unique is the cast of people who drift through, such as Pete Townshend, Keith Moon and Eric Clapton, while Wood was keeping his beady eye trained on the band he really wanted to be in: rebel heroes The Rolling Stones. But then, every so

often, an entry appears that reminds you that maybe young Ronnie wasn't that different from us after all. Such as Thursday, I April: "After watching a very good *Top of the Pops* (Stones, Yardbirds, Who etc) we played blind man's buff — it was great fun."

How Can It Be? A Rock & Roll Diary by Ronnie Wood (Genesis) is available now in a deluxe limited edition; a trade version will be published in September

otto



Park life: new director Colin Trevorrow (below, on left) talks to Chris Pratt (researcher Owen Grady) and Bryce Dallas Howard (park manager Claire Dearing); Pratt tries raptor-wrestling (bottom)

9

A walk in the Park?

COLIN TREVORROW, DIRECTOR OF JURASSIC WORLD, HAS SOME BIG FOOTPRINTS TO FILL

ESQUIRE: This is the fourth *Jurassic Park* film. How did you feel taking on — excuse the dino-pun — such a monster?

COLIN TREVORROW: I didn't even have time to process any of it. When you've got to jump out of the alien drop-ship and you're falling, you don't ask why you're there. That was kinda my situation. I was thrown into a movie with a release date of the following summer and no script three months before shooting. Luckily, we had Steven Spielberg [as executive producer] who was able to put the brakes on it and say, "You know what? Let's take another year. This is going to work but let's make sure it works."

CT: I had to ask, "Why does *Jurassic Park 4* exist?" and the thing I came up with was that we've become desensitised to the scientific miracles around us and that we will always repeat our mistakes if there is money to be made. This movie wasn't so much about playing God as existing in a world where people have already played God and we're living with the results.

ESQ: There's a new genetically engineered dinosaur involved, the Indominus Rex. How did she come about?

CT: There's a scene in the first movie where Dr Henry Wu [BD Wong] makes it very clear that nothing in Jurassic [Park] world is natural. It's all designer genetics because everything came from frog and dinosaur DNA. We found some pretty cool behavioural and physical attributes of animals to instill into this dinosaur.

ESQ: Early concept art showed dinosaur-human hybrids. We're guessing they didn't make the final draft?

CT: That was before I showed up. The script evolved over many drafts, full of different ideas from writers who really wanted to do





human-dinosaur creations in our film. ESQ: Chris Pratt's the leading man. Were you wary of making him a Sam Neil 2.0? CT: We were very conscious of it. Chris Pratt's character is a hybrid of [Sam Neil's] Dr Alan Grant and [Jeff Goldblum's] Dr Ian Malcolm, but he also has his own tone that I think people will become attached to. **ESQ:** A lot has been made of Chris Pratt's relationship with the velociraptors. CT: Steven [Spielberg] had the idea to have a character that has a connection with the raptors much like [South African animal behaviourist] Kevin Richardson's work with lions. The raptors recognise Chris as a pseudo-ally and there's a very tenuous balance between them acknowledging him and biting his head off. The raptors' alliances are torn between those who need and want them for their own desires.

something new. But no, you won't see any

ESQ: Is there anything from Michael Crichton's original book that we haven't yet seen that you wanted to explore? **CT:** There's a brief conversation between Dr Wu and Jurassic Park CEO John Hammond about the idea that these animals can be used for more than just a theme park; things like medicine, agriculture and potentially for war. Those concepts of taking dinosaurs and using them as we do other animals that we share the planet with was fascinating. I think there's a lot to explore there. **ESQ:** So. Jurassic Park 5 will feature

ESQ: So *Jurassic Park 5* will feature dinosaur soldiers?

CT: Well... we'll see. What's important to me is that we set the table for this franchise to go to new and unexpected places, and not for it to feel like a retread. That's not what anyone wants. That's not what will keep it alive.

Jurassic World is out on 12 June

Swipe that grin off your face: comedian Aziz Ansari investigates how modern love works — or doesn't

Love me Tinder

COMEDIAN AZIZ ANSARI WRITES A (SEMI) SERIOUS BOOK ABOUT ROMANCE IN THE 2IST-CENTURY

You'd like to hope any author researching a book of social and anthropological interest would go pretty deep with his research. In comedian Aziz Ansari's case, he went deeper than anyone could rightfully demand: jerking off into a silicone egg as part of a chapter about the love lives of Tokyoites. What did he learn? "It felt like I was masturbating with a thick, cold condom on. I didn't understand the appeal."

Thanks Aziz, you've saved us a lot of heartache. But the book, Modern Romance, which he wrote with the assistance of Eric Klinenberg, a sociology professor at NYU (which Ansari attended), is actually a more serious study of the mechanisms of contemporary courtship than the aforementioned experiment might suggest. In an age where, according to a survey cited in the book, 80 per cent of millennials will Google a potential partner before a first date, and teens send each other photos of their own genitals as readily as pictures of kittens puking into teacups, there's clearly some re-evaluating to be done.

Ansari's own parents had an arranged marriage: his father agreed to wed his mother after two previous candidates were deemed too tall and too short respectively. The future Mrs Ansari, it seemed, was just right (they're still married, and happily, as

far as their son can tell). But single people now have both the pressure of finding their one true soul mate (rather than someone height-compatible), and also the paralysing luxury of overwhelming options. He quotes Barry Schwartz, author of *The Paradox of*





Choice: "How many people do you need to see before you know you've found the best? The answer is every damn person there is."

Ansari and Klinenberg ran focus groups in the United States and a forum on Reddit to get people to talk openly about dating today, as well as travelling to Tokyo, Buenos Aires and, naturally, Paris. Their book presents all kinds of fun trivia about how the business of romance is conducted (American men who look away from the camera in their profile pictures have a better strike rate; in Japan, dating profile portraits are seen as gauche — better to upload a picture of your pet, or your rice cooker), as well as raising some interesting questions about how 21st-century humans form meaningful connections. If indeed they do.

Ansari has pulled it off: a thinky book that's funny, too. But could we get through all of it without hearing the voice of Ansari's misguided lothario in NBC's Parks and Recreation, Tom Haverford? Not when he's writing sentences like "I put myself to the test with a thought experiment. Let's say my girlfriend was in Miami for a bachelorette party, and she ran into r'n'b superstar/actor Tyrese Gibson..." we couldn't.

Modern Romance by Aziz Ansari with Eric Klinenberg is out on 16 June (Allen Lane)

The theory of Everything Everything

CAN AN INDIE-POP RECORD FIX THE STATE WE'RE IN?



It was hard not to feel an extra surge of despair at some of the events the world was faced with in 2014: from the Ebola crisis and mass murders by Boko Haram to the US campus killing spree of deranged virgin Elliot Rodger, there was plenty to be horrified by. And while the Western world faces such atrocities with a collective weary shrug, British four-piece Everything Everything has decided to make

a record of indie-pop songs in response.

The band's third album, Get to Heaven, produced by Stuart Price, is as experimental as we've come to expect, borrowing from Afropunk, Motown and even rave (though the track which does so builds to singer Jonathan Higgs delivering not the hackneyed "take me to heaven" line, but the decidedly more curious "take me to the distant past"). The songs are full

of surreal, oblique references to violence and disenfranchisement delivered by Higgs in vocals that swoop from falsetto airiness to staccato pop-rap, and *Get to Heaven* will no doubt confuse as many as it delights. But at least it's engagement of a sort, with enough good tunes to have us dancing into all that darkness.

Get to Heaven is out on 15 June (RCA)

Esquire.

Culture

12



Film set: Melissa McCarthy plays slicker-than-she-looks spy Susan Cooper

Shape up

CAN WE ALL STOP CALLING MELISSA MCCARTHY A "MASTER OF SLAPSTICK" NOW?

In Spy, the new comedy from Bridesmaids director Paul Feig, the American comic actress Melissa McCarthy finally gets a role in which she's front and centre, in a film about a woman who is anything but. She plays Susan Cooper, a frumpy desk analyst for the CIA whose job is to feed surveillance info to the glamorous agents out in the field, including the spook of her dreams, Bradley Fine, played with a wink by Jude Law. When Fine is taken out by an equally glamorous villain, Rayna Boyanov, played by Rose Byrne — who's after a nuclear bomb that's lurking around somewhere — Susan feels duty-bound to go out into the big bad world and finish what Fine started.

Much has been made of Feig's clever-yetsomehow-unpreachy agenda with this movie. Susan, a woman of a certain age and of certain proportions, does not fit with the Agency's idea of what a super-spy should look like (a point hammered home — most enjoyably — by the casting of Jason Statham as a hotheaded and stupendously inept agent who resents Cooper's recent promotion). Each time she gets given a new identity by her taciturn boss (Allison Janney), it's some version of "Midwestern cat lady with a fanny-pack". Problem is, Susan's really quite good at the whole espionage thing, and the film soon zips along as Susan gets deeper into the nest of vipers and closer to Rayna.

What gives Feig's movie a nicely spiky edge, of course, is the fact that Saturday Night Live alumna McCarthy, an actress also of a certain age and certain proportions, has herself not been Hollywood's idea of what a leading lady should look like, yet here she is comfortably holding one of the funniest films of the year. The problem — and yes, we appreciate the irony of this point being made by a men's magazine, but whatchagonnado? — is that McCarthy's performance is still being



McCarthy is praised for her "physical comedy skills" but the funniest bits don't come from her body — but her mouth

lauded for her "mastery of slapstick" and her "physical comedy skills".

Certainly *Spy* has action gags, such as a knockabout chase sequence on a scooter, for example, but the funniest bits don't come from Susan's body, but from Susan's mouth: her crushing disappointment when a surprise present from Fine turns out to be a novelty cupcake brooch; the foul-mouthed tirade she unleashes on Byrne's Rayna later in the movie while posing as her bodyguard. (Incidentally, no one's praising the physical comedy prowess of the more conventionally

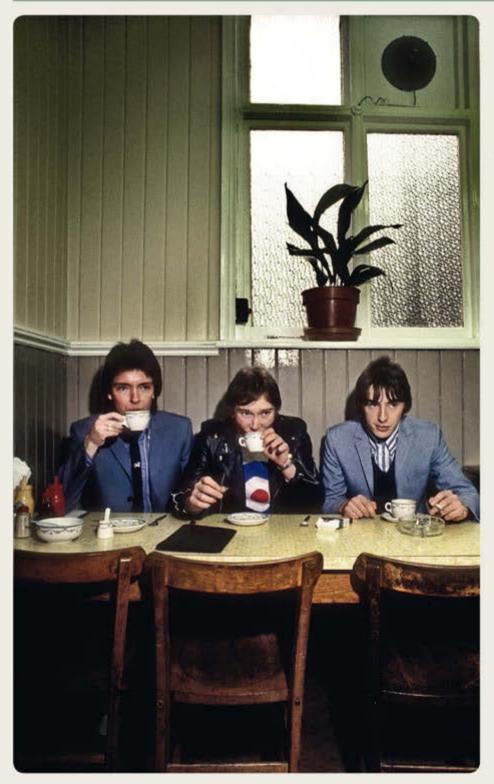
slender actress Rose Byrne even though she spends a good deal of the film staggering, to humorous effect, under the weight of Rayna's ridiculously voluminous hair.)

McCarthy's Susan Cooper is meek and downtrodden, angry and resentful, soft and romantic, violent and sweary. She is much more, and much funnier, than just a tubby lady on a moped. Yes we've woken up to half the joke of this subtly subversive movie, but clearly there's more work to do.

Spy is out on 5 June

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Breakfast club: The Jam in Frank's Café on London's Beak Street, shortly after shooting their "News of the World" single cover, 1978



A toast to The Jam

A NEW EXHIBITION IS A CORNUCOPIA FOR FANS OF PAUL WELLER'S FIRST BAND

Given the eclectic items on display, it makes sense that *The Jam: About the Young Idea*, a new exhibition of photographs and memorabilia that opens at London's Somerset House this month, was partly curated by the former head of The Jam's fan club, Nicky Weller. But yes, the surname is a bit of a giveaway, as she's also sister of the band's main man, Paul, and it's insiders like her — and the contents of their attics — who give this homage a distinctly personal feel.

The Weller family's vinyl collection, the trio's original outfits, instruments and dusted-off archive photographs are among items that will be on display in the show, which is dedicating a room to each of the six albums The Jam recorded before Weller unexpectedly pulled the plug in 1982. But time's worked its healing wonders, and all three members of the band — and alumni of Sheerwater Secondary Modern in Woking — Weller, drummer Rick Buckler and bassist Bruce Foxton, have given the exhibition their blessing.

It's also an affectionate record of the band's very London-centric sense of style, from Carnaby Street skinny suits and Union Jack blazers of the Sixties and Seventies, to Weller's ever-changing roster of (depending on your mod affiliations) fantastic/ridiculous haircuts. Still, their tailoring wasn't the only reason The Jam became iconic, and a special CD containing previously unavailable recordings that is available with entry tickets should remind you of more than a couple of the others.

The Jam: About the Young Idea, 26 June to 31 August, Somerset House, London, somersethouse.org.uk

Jartyn Goddard



"I WOKE UP ONE DAY AND I WASN'T IN THE RIGHT ROOM"

Five years ago, Jake Gyllenhaal, indie darling turned mainstream heartthrob, took stock of his life and career and decided he'd taken a wrong turn. Today, he's once again the acclaimed star of some of the most interesting films in American cinema. And in his new movie, Southpaw, he delivers his most hard-hitting performance yet

Interview by SANJIV BHATTACHARYA
Photographs by ERIC RAY DAVIDSON
Styling by SIMON ROBINS

Sand cotton-linen suit, £2,240; white cotton shirt, £480, both by Hermès

Jake Gyllenhaal and I are sitting across from each other at the Hotel Casa del Mar in Santa Monica, California. The waiter ushered us away from the brunch crowd to an isolated table in the corner, flush against the windows, looking out onto sand and sea. It's a postcard out there — happy surfers, skaters and bladers — with the sun dancing on the waves. Not here, though. Not so much.

Jake looks dishevelled, possibly tired, and at this point, maybe even a little disappointed. He came to talk. He likes to talk. But then I asked him a question about his upbringing, and now, he seems sceptical of what we're attempting here, this whole "interview" business.

"One thing I learned a long time ago," he says, "is if someone has a story they want to write, they're going to write it, and there's nothing I can do. Maybe I can get in four or five words in a row that are mine but..."

"Do you think that's happening here?" I ask. "That I came with an agenda and there's nothing you can do to change it?"

"Well, is it true?"

"No!"

"It could be like that. It has been."

"Well, let's at least try not to do that."

"I would love that. Believe me."

People who work with Gyllenhaal talk more than anything about his discipline, his commitment and his need to push the limits and try something new. This is what I've heard from four directors, two actors and a playwright. They use words like "serious", "prepared" and "intense". They remark on how "he really goes for it". Apparently on set, Jake's the one asking to do one more take and suggesting script changes to the director, even sometimes whole new scenes. As his friend and two-time director Denis Villeneuve says, "It's a challenge to work with Jake. But it's a great challenge. He likes to push the material."

Today, that material is this interview. Some people might approach an interview with a stranger behind a mask of politeness, making a conspicuous effort to be pleasant above all else. But Gyllenhaal's not a fan of just being "nice" for "nice's" sake. He's never rude, but there's a restlessness about him, you can see his brain ticking. He wants to talk, but not about nonsense and fluff. There was half a plan to just hang out and chill, maybe take a drive or walk along the beach. But he wasn't into it. Driving around wouldn't help me get to know him, and that's why I was there, surely? No, he'd sooner just talk, somewhere we won't be bothered, if that's all right.

So, here we are, two men drinking bottled water in a deserted corner of a hotel restaurant. We're effectively alone. All the other tables are empty, and there's no waiter hovering with news of today's specials. Neither of us even looks at a menu. It's as stark as a Beckett play. And that's how he likes it.

There's plenty to talk about. Now 34, Jake is five years into a remarkable run of movies, the equal of any actor of his generation. Not that he wasn't a force before — with credits like Donnie Darko (2001), Brokeback Mountain (2005), Jarhead (2005) and Source Code (2011) — but there were blips, like The Day After Tomorrow (2004) and Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time (2010). He was in his twenties. "I took things because they were jobs," he shrugs. "I mean people are paying you money, you're 26, are you kidding?"

Then something tectonic took place. His priorities shifted and his perspective changed. "I woke up one day and I wasn't in the right room," he says. "It was like a David Byrne song: 'That's not my beautiful house. That's not my beautiful wife."

So, he changed his life, the way men sometimes do around 30. He moved from his native Los Angeles to New York and pursued theatre. He chose smaller budget independent movies, with darker, more challenging themes. He calls it "a growing-up thing". And now a new Gyllenhaal has emerged; still with the boyish features, the searching

eyes and a wide smile, but he's older now, more determined. His frown furrows have deepened. The blips are history: every film he makes now is worthy of your attention. There are no blockbusters, action-adventures or cute love stories, not anymore. He makes films for grown-ups. At a time when television is increasingly stealing the mantle from cinema in terms of sophisticated storytelling for adults, the Gyllenhaal brand is the antidote.

The change first began with End of Watch (2012), a heart-

breaking story about two cops in southeast LA, an experience he says "redefined for me how I wanted to make movies." Next came *Enemy* (2013), a haunting doppelgänger thriller about split identity and madness directed by Denis Villeneuve. Gyllenhaal so liked working with "De-nee", as he pronounces his Christian name, that before *Enemy* was even in the can, he'd committed

to his second film, *Prisoners* (2013), a bleak and gripping story of torture, child murder and obsession. Then, late last year, he produced and starred in *Nightcrawler*, a brilliant indictment of American society via the character of Louis Bloom, a sociopath and feral capitalist who rises from the grime of LA to set up his own late-night TV news service that aims to capture first-hand footage of crime scenes. How he dodged an Oscar nomination for that role is a mystery.

The run continues this year. He's an actor on a roll. Starting in reverse order, there's *Demolition* this winter, a study in grief, alongside Chris Cooper and Naomi Watts (Gyllenhaal plays a Wall Streeter who responds unusually to his wife's death). Before that, in October, *Everest* tells the epic true story of the 1996 climbing tragedy on which Jon Krakauer's *Into Thin Air* was based (he plays Scott Fischer, the deceased lead guide).

But first, this July, is *Southpaw*, a traditional boxing movie. He plays the fictional fighter Billy Hope, who is on top, loses it all before fighting his way back, having been through an Eminem-soundtracked training montage. The coach (Forest Whitaker) is a wise old boozer. It ticks the boxes but underneath it is a story of shame, rage and redemption. Billy Hope's anger earns him a fortune in the ring, until one day, outside of it, it costs him everything he cares about.

"He's a guy that couldn't deal with his own shame," Gyllenhaal says. "The director

"I get that my job is absurd. I'm hyper-aware of how ridiculous it is. But at the same time, I take it extraordinarily seriously!"

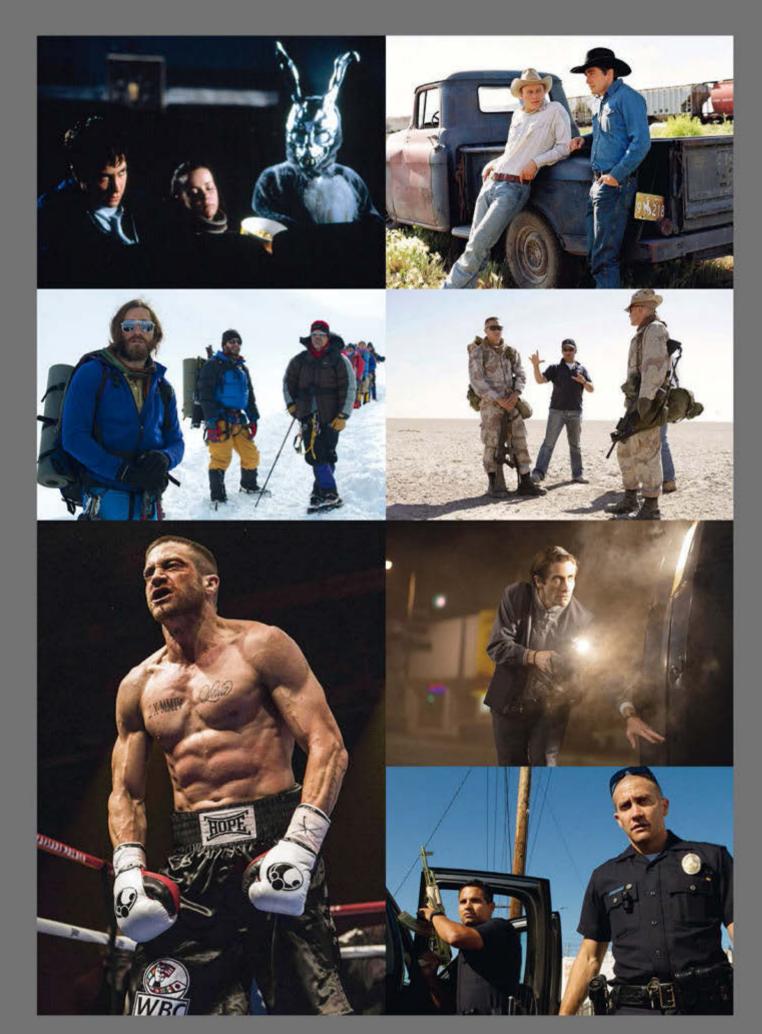
Ed Zwick [Love & Other Drugs (2010)] told me this wonderful thing: 'Everything you learn is through shame.' It's so true. There's those moments where you face humiliation, they're so freeing if you can get through them."

"What have you learned through shame?" I ask him.

He smiles. "I've learned a lot. But specific examples? I don't want to reveal all that."

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Gyllenhaal's is a standout performance. As expected, he goes all out, on every front. His physique tells the story as he's arguably the most chisel-ripped screen fighter in history. And he's never less than convincing. Which is all the more impressive, given that Jake wasn't even a fan of the sport before. "I didn't do a boxing movie to do a boxing movie, if you know what I mean," he says.

"Let me tell you about his commitment," says *Southpaw* director Antoine Fuqua, who actually does train as a boxer. "When he first came to me, I said, 'Have you boxed?' And he said, 'Not really, just a bit of MMA [mixed martial arts] stuff for *End of Watch*.' So, I sent him to see Terry Claybon, who trained Denzel [Washington] for *The Hurricane*. And when Jake threw a punch, Terry said, 'Hell no! He can't box!' Now look at him. He can actually fight. That man trained like a *beast*."

It was a punishing regime of two three-hour sessions a day, seven days a week for four months. Along the way, Fuqua would take him to gyms, to meet managers and promoters. "We saw the Pacquiao [v Bradley] fight, we trained at Mayweather's gym in Vegas," he says. "Jake gave up whatever life he had to live the life of a fighter. That's a sacrifice. He even broke up with his girlfriend because he was at the ring every day!"

The shoot was no cakewalk, either. Jake was thrown into the ring on day one, where pros would pound him in the ribs and punch him on the jaw for the fight sequences, while a crowd of extras screamed at him from the ringside. "I could tell he was hurting," Fuqua says. "But we never used his stunt double. Jake did what a fighter would do, he went to the ropes and covered up. He was improvising fight sequences."

The truth is, he loves this stuff. The gym, especially. Jake's a cerebral type who loves to venture into abstraction and ideas, although today it's partly a way to avoid talking about his personal life (he's fiercely private). But he also describes himself as "very physical". He loves to transform his body for a role, whatever that requires. Playing Billy Hope, he packed on the muscle, but for *Nightcrawler*, he dropped 30lbs. His character in the latter is a ghoulish, emaciated figure of the night, so he starved himself and ran 15 miles to the set every day. It left him paradoxically both irritable and delighted.

"Physicality is a way into the mental state of a character," Gyllenhaal says. "I get off on knowing that my energy has shifted. My technical side is going, 'Yeah, you're a bit of a maniac, but you know how to keep it in check'. But it's not like this huge deal. It's that Louis CK thing, [about] when people say they're 'starving'. Maybe you should rethink that word? You had a meal four hours ago!"

One of the things he enjoys about physical

transformation is that it takes discipline, perhaps his favourite word. "Freedom is on the other side of discipline," he says. "That's my mantra. Nothing comes easy if you're going to do it well." And that doesn't just go for the physical aspect, but the whole process of preparing for a role. He hurls himself into it. "It's what I love most about my job."

He discovered this on *End of Watch*, when he and co-star Michael Peña spent six months with LA cops and sheriffs, for a 22-day shoot. He'd never gone to such lengths before. They tagged along to crime scenes, they heard bullets shoot past their ears, they saw dead people. "There were times, when I was taking cover, wearing a Kevlar vest and thinking, 'Come on, we're making a movie!' You know?" he says. But

at the same time, he loved it so much, it changed his life. "I have never felt so good about being in Los Angeles as when I was in East LA working with police officers. Just being in that culture, especially the Hispanic culture. It was amazing." To this day, one of his best friends is a former LA sheriff.

Ever since then, he has approached every movie in the same spirit of total immersion. "It connects you to what's really happening," he says. "As an actor, it's easy to become disconnected from reality, but I can also spend five months in an environment that most people would never get access to. So, it's actually a great way of engaging with the world. I'm not saying what I go through compares to what actual cops or boxers experience every day. There's a hierarchy of importance, and actors are way down. I get that my job is absurd. I'm hyper-aware of how ridiculous it is. But at the same time, I take it

extraordinarily seriously! Because as absurd as it is, it can also breed empathy."

This is why he prepares so intensely, because for Gyllenhaal, empathy has a molecular, even mystical quality. "I believe deeply in the unconscious," he says. "That you literally accumulate the molecules of the space that you're in. We're like 90 per cent water, so naturally we are going to be affected by the moon when it's full: if the sea is, why wouldn't we be? That seems scientific to me. So, if you spend enough time in whatever environment your character would exist in — the way I spent six months with police officers — then the molecules of that environment must transfer somehow. And then

you put it on screen, and people go, 'I feel something that I don't normally feel."

What this amounts to on shoot day is an actor who is almost zealous in his commitment. He puts everything into every scene. On *Nightcrawler*, the script didn't require him to smash a mirror in a rage, but he did it anyway, and cut his hand open. On *Prisoners*, he grabbed on to the back of Hugh Jackman's truck as it pulled away and was dragged for a distance. That wasn't written in, either. It wasn't even in frame. In *Enemy*, there's a scene where Gyllenhaal's character is phoning his doppelgänger, someone who looks just like him, and he's not sure whether it's real or he's losing his mind.

"We must have shot it 45 times," Denis Villeneuve says. "I just kept the camera roll-

ing and he was pacing around the room, doing it again and again like a mantra. He was trying to find something chaotic, to lose control. And afterwards, there was something so vulnerable in his eyes. His hands were shaking, he had gone so far away. For me, Jake is like a scuba diver: he goes deep, deep into the unconscious."

This is partly Chris Cooper's doing. When Gyllenhaal co-starred with him in *October Sky* in 1999, the young actor asked the veteran for advice. "I told him, have no regrets when you leave a scene," Cooper says. "Don't leave anything on the table. This is a very competitive business, and for most people it's short-lived."

Gyllenhaal took it to heart. He swears by it. A case in point: the shoot for *Everest* last year. The director Baltasar Kormákur, a Herzogian figure, decided they would shoot in actually treacherous conditions 4,000m up the Dolomite moun-

tain range in Italy, where it was -30°C. It was a scene in which Gyllenhaal's character dies of hypothermia, so he lay encased in the snow, essentially packed in ice. "He almost lost his hearing," Kormákur says. "His inner ear was frozen. His nostril hairs were frozen. And he wasn't even getting that well-paid!"

The director describes Gyllenhaal as "a bit of an oddball". He'd hired him to put a different energy in his cast, and Gyllenhaal brought that in spades. "He'll probably hate me for saying this, but he reminded me of Edward Norton's character in *Birdman*. Brilliant when he's acting, but weird in between, you know? He has a great sense of humour, but it's not politically correct, necessarily.

Clockwise from top left: Gyllenhaal's breaththrough role as disturbed teen Donnie Darko. The film was not huge in 2001, but became a cult hit on DVD: as Jack Twist in **Brokeback Mountain** (2005), for which he was nominated for a **Best Supporting Actor** Oscar: in Jarhead (2005), a film that revealed the boredom and adrenalin of the first Gulf War: Nightcrawler (2014) tells the story of Louis Bloom, who trawls LA at night filming gory crimes to sell to TV news; Jake spent six months with the police preparing for End of Watch (2012); and transformed himself to play Billy Hope in new film Southpaw (2015); as lead guide Scott Fischer in disaster film Everest (2015)



Like he makes fun of people's accents, and he can go off in that direction, it's actually quite brave. He gets away with it because it's always in a loving way."

There were times, however, when Gyllenhaal would push his fellow actors, and it didn't always go over so well at first. "There were some hairy moments," Kormákur says. "I thought, oh my God, how's this going to go? Because if Jake feels an actor's not giving him what he needs, if he feels they're not really there, he'll say so. And sometimes, he even says afterwards, 'Sorry, I was an asshole.' He's aware of it, but would you rather be with a guy who's always smiling and laughing, and never talks about anything serious? Or your friend is a bit challenging, who isn't afraid to argue with you? I prefer people with more width, and this is part of his process. Acting is such a weird job, whatever you need to get there is fine with me. Jake needs to mess things up. Shake it up, dirty it up. It's like he needs to get into trouble before he can figure it out for himself."

THE QUESTION I ASKED that rubbed him the wrong way wasn't the one I thought might bother him: the one about going down on Naomi Watts in *Demolition*. Jean-Marc Vallée, the director, a French-Canadian like Villeneuve, laughed and told me, "Ask him about that, it will be funny." It wasn't. Gyllenhaal just calmly parried it in a professional manner. "I understand the curiosity but honestly, these questions, I find them so boring. Because whatever I say is not going to be respectful to the situation. And I don't want to take the magic out of the thing you're going to watch."

The question that actually made him flinch was this: "Your childhood sounds magical, like it's the Oscars in your kitchen every morning: was it?" Evidently, he has heard this characterisation of his upbringing so often now that it grates. It makes him sound like Hollywood's silver-spoon son, to the manor born in show business terms. And on paper, that's how it looks. Both his parents were in the industry: his mother Naomi, an Oscar-nominated screenwriter and producer, and his father Stephen, a director. As a result, the Gyllenhaal siblings, Jake and Maggie (three years older) grew up around this extraordinary Hollywood cast. Jamie Lee Curtis as a godmother, Paul Newman a family friend, who took him car racing at the age of 12. He met Sidney Lumet, Martha Plimpton and River Phoenix. And in the room above the garage lived a young Steven Soderbergh, and after him, Ethan Hawke.

"I had a wonderful upbringing, don't get me wrong," he says, firmly. "But I don't look at the world through rose-coloured glasses. I wasn't raised to be separate from reality."

For example, they lived not in Beverly Hills but on the eastern flank of the city, where Koreatown meets Hancock Park, a sketchy part of town in the Eighties. He

"I'm an Anglophile. Pretty much all of my friends are Brits... British audiences were the first group who really understood me"

may have attended the city's most elite high school, Harvard-Westlake, but the Gyllenhaals weren't loaded, not by LA standards. His dad would buy a house and fix it up himself. Work wasn't always easy to come by. "I remember my parents made two or three things consecutively, but from then on out, it was just trying to get something made and most of the time not succeeding."

He was a wild teenager, "a mess" he says, but he was also a working actor, so his partying quickly gave way to the rigours of auditions and film sets. He made his first film aged 10, starring opposite Billy Crystal in City Slickers (1991), and by the time he reached New York's Columbia University, where he studied Tibetan Buddhism and eastern mysticism, he was so in demand he had to drop out after two years.

Today, he looks back on those years with fondness. Because at university, aged 20, he was in his groove in life, doing theatre, which he loves, and making films that chimed with the life he knew at the time. He was a confused teenager when he made Donnie Darko, the story of a confused teenager who hallucinates a figure in a bunny suit called Frank. But as the offers flooded in, he increasingly made films that had less and less to do with who he was or what he cared about: "I was listening to other people, instead of myself," he says. And that's how he ended up in the "wrong room" five years ago. Now, he has returned to the groove of his Donnie Darko years, seeking out scripts that, as he says,

"mimic a tone or timbre of where I am". And he has at least a couple of people to thank for getting him back on track — his parents and Bruce Springsteen.

It was his parents' divorce in 2009 that finally convinced him to move to New York. His dad remarried, and his mum moved to Manhattan, where sister Maggie had long

lived with the actor Peter Sarsgaard and their two daughters. So Jake moved east to join the clan. And right away, it was easier to think straight. It felt good to escape his old life, the claustrophobia of show business in LA where "sometimes friendship and work gets intertwined in a confusing way".

Chris Cooper suspects he was escaping celebrity culture. "I think Jake was being pecked to death by it," he says.

But Jake doesn't see New York as much better than LA on that front. "It's easy to say,

'Oh, LA is that way and NY is that way,' but let's be honest. Especially today with all the cellphones. It's more about just being away from Hollywood," Gyllenhaal says. "Chris is someone I admire, and he lives in Massachusetts. His life is separate from his work, and that's something I want to cultivate, too."

His parents' divorce also prompted the thought: "They're following what they want to do, even though it's difficult. So what do I want?" It wasn't dissimilar to a question Bruce Springsteen asked himself when making the 1978 album Darkness on the Edge of Town, according to the documentary The Promise: the Making of... (2010), which Jake watched at the recommendation of his publicist. It made a profound impact.

"There was Steven van Zandt saying he could write 25 incredible pop songs, and they could have had five huge hit albums," he says. "But Springsteen was like, 'What do I want? I want to express something that comes from me, that feels like me.' So, I asked myself the same thing. Beyond money or fame or whatever, what do I *like*? And also, who might want to work with me?"

HERE'S A PICTURE OF GYLLENHAAL IN NEW YORK. He's dancing in the streets of downtown Manhattan, really going for it, with his earphones in. And he's getting some funny looks. Who's that guy? What's going on? Not everyone realises it's a scene in *Demolition*, and director Jean-Marc Vallée is shooting him from a distance.

⊲

But it's a fitting image for Jake; he's happier out east. He lives up the street with his German shepherd. He pops in on his sister and mum on a regular basis. And he's doing theatre again, a big component of his new life. So far, he's done two plays, both by the English playwright Nick Payne. The most recent, *Constellations*, finished a four-month run on Broadway in March.

"Sometimes actors do Broadway for cynical reasons," Payne says. "There's a perception in Hollywood that doing a play proves you're a serious actor. But my impression is Jake genuinely loves it and he'll do a play every couple of years."

It's true. There's virtually nothing he doesn't like about theatre. It involves rehearsal, which is preparation, his favourite thing. Like a regular Joe, he gets to walk to and from work every day, a clear separation between life and work. And lately, theatre has allowed him to work with Brits, who are arguably his preferred nationality, even over Americans. "I'm an Anglophile," he says. "Pretty much all of my friends are Brits."

It goes back to his twenties again, the *Donnie Darko* era. He was doing a play at the Garrick Theatre in London's West End — *This is Our Youth* in 2002 — and he found the English to be particularly encouraging. "People told me, 'You're good at this, you should keep doing it.' There was a sense of potential there," he says. "You didn't have to be the absolute best, but they could smell talent and they appreciated it, as long as you committed yourself."

After that run, *Donnie Darko* came out, and while it hadn't been a flop in America exactly, it was far from a hit. But in England, a different story. "Street artists were doing art about it, it had this cult following. There was such a different response. British audiences were the first group who really understood me as an artist."

It's ironic, I tell him. Typically, English actors move their lives to the States for that sense of potential, replacing English pessimism for American optimism. And he laughs. "I don't know. Maybe the English can sense my pessimism!"

Another English characteristic he has, is that he says, "Flaunting things is embarrassing to me." One of the things he noticed doing *Constellations* was that on Broadway, they'd get a standing ovation every night. And it made him uneasy. "They never do that in the UK," he says. "And that feels right to me. The standing O is like flaunting your applause!"

His English co-star in the play, Ruth Wilson, can't say enough good things about Gyllenhaal. She got to know him very well over their run. Every night, they were the only two on stage, performing 65 scenes in 70 minutes, covering every possible permutation of a relationship between two people. After the show, they'd go out to dinner with friends. Gyllenhaal invited her to his family's Christmas Eve celebrations.

"He's really generous," she says. "He cares. Not just about the work, but about people. If I was ill, he'd provide me with pills and recommend a doctor. And he really brings you into his world. He was born into acting and show business, he knows everyone and everything about it. But he includes you. And I want to say, he's a really great singer. We'd warm up every day, singing on stage and he knows all the lyrics to Drake songs. And Motown and Springsteen. He knows the words to show tunes, too. We went to dinner with my uncle, who puts on musicals at his Norfolk community centre, and he and Jake were singing show tunes to each other in the middle of Balthazar. He really should do a musical." (And he is, as it happens. This summer, he's in The Little Shop of Horrors at the Lincoln Center, New York. Those ovations are going to keep coming.)

It wasn't easy, though, working with Gyllenhaal. Easy isn't his style. He pushed Wilson night after night. "Despite four weeks of previews, he kept demanding we find the truth, and change stuff that felt old," she says. "And we argued. We'd argue every week. We'd fight and then make up and do the show and it was all fine. It was intense and intimate. We became like brother and sister."

Jake acknowledges all this. He's comfortable with confrontation, when it's to do with the work. And it usually is. But today, he's wondering about our interview. That's the work at hand.

The brunch crowd has left. They've had their bottomless mimosas and egg-white scrambles. All that's left is us two in the corner, hungry and exhausted. But Gyllenhaal's not done. He's looking out the window, flipping his phone over idly on the table.

"The thing is, you're never going to get to know me in two hours," he says. "If you want to do this properly, we need to spend two months. But we can keep talking. Is there something we've talked about that excites you, that you can write about? Maybe I can give you some more information..."
Southpaw is out on 24 July

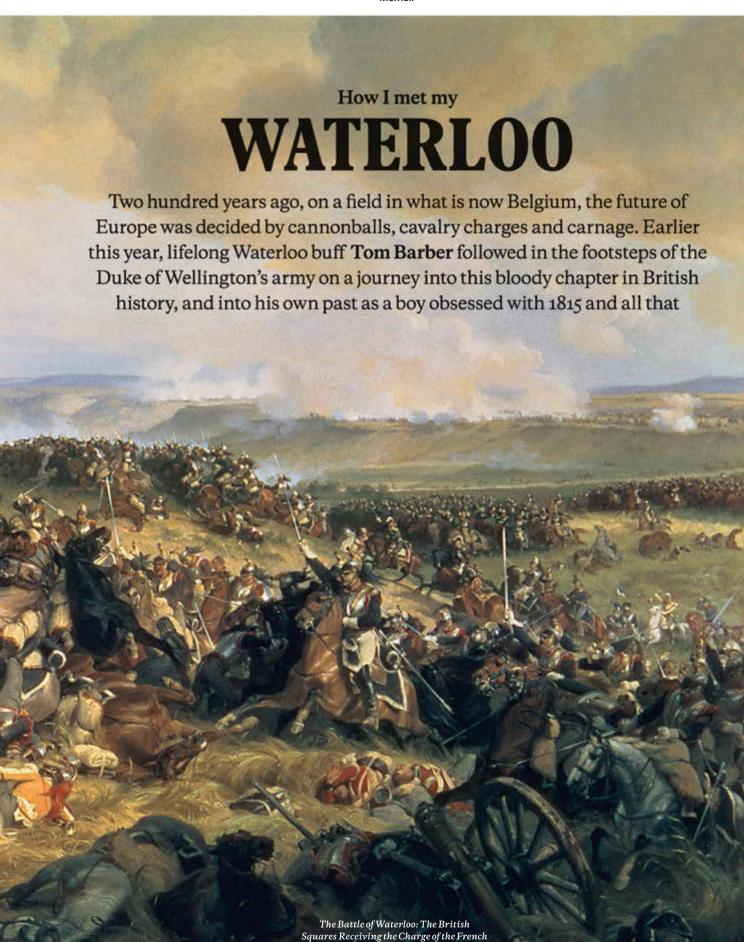


Navy wool mohair suit, £1,300; white cotton shirt, £300, both by Burberry Prorsum

Photographer's assistants: JB Fitts, Eric Hobbs, Brad Liber I Styling assistant: Ahmad Francois | Grooming: Jillian Dempsey using Baxter of California at starworksartists.com







Cuirassiers by Henri Félix Emmanuel Philippoteaux, painted in 1874

WHAT WAS YOUR CHILDHOOD OBSESSION?

Was it Lego? Liverpool FC? Stamp collecting? Action Man? Well mine, since you ask, was the Battle of Waterloo. Little bit geeky, granted, but in hindsight I'm not sure even the word "obsession" quite cuts it. Pretty much every day of every holidays, I would beg my mum to take me across Albert Bridge to the National Army Museum in Chelsea, where I would gaze for hours at the vast model of the battlefield completed by one Captain William Siborne some 23 years after Napoleon's final defeat in June 1815, precisely 200 years ago this month.

When not standing on tiptoes peering intently through Perspex at Siborne's drama in miniature unfolding across the rolling fields of what is now Belgium, I was to be found at home watching and rewatching the 1970 film *Waterloo*, with Rod Steiger as Napoleon and Christopher Plummer as Wellington (tricorn hats off to whoever cast those two), until the VHS tape wore thin and eventually snapped.

Most prized possession status, though, was reserved for my 1980 Airfix Battle of Waterloo Assault Set, complete with tiny British, French and Prussian infantry, cavalry and artillery and a (not very accurate) reproduction of La Haye Sainte farmhouse, scene of some of the most brutal fighting. I could, and did, lose days arranging and rearranging the tiny protagonists and the little plastic La Haye Sainte farmer — apparently sitting on a box of beer bottles while driving his cart and frantically flogging his horses to pull him to safety.

Some days he made it, sometimes a cannonball dispatched him, beer bottles and all. Occasionally, the battlefield became even more hazardous in a way that neither Wellington nor Napoleon, masterful tacticians that they were, could have predicted. The arrival of Mischa the Burmese cat would often see a platoon of Prussians obliterated with just a casual swat of a paw.

I have total recall of the fateful day: the Peugeot 505 Familiale with its three rows of seats taking the family on holiday to Scotland. My father driving, step-mum riding shotgun and behind them in the back two rows a distinct lack of seat belts and a generally fluid seating arrangement with my three elder stepbrothers administering Chinese burns until I agreed to support Arsenal (Richard, Charlie, Paddy, FYI - never!); the grim service station stop for lunch somewhere in the North; arriving in Scotland and removing the tarpaulin and octopus straps covering the luggage on the roof rack; the dawning realisation that somehow, somewhere, someone had pinched one of our bags from beneath the covering, and that the bag in question was mine.

The contents of said bag, now lost forever? Flares, fourth-hand and more patch than original trouser, one pair; orange and brown (God bless 1981!) Jockey Y-fronts, fortunately not fourth-hand, three pairs; assorted shorts, socks and Guernsey jumpers — and my Airfix Battle of Waterloo Assault Set. Cue instant and all-consuming grief. I was too young to register my parents' divorce, and this was an era before dead pets and grandparents. My shocking conclusion? Life — and people — can be mean.

I've coped OK in the intervening years: I'm married, have kids, haven't — as far as I can recall — gone postal and murdered swathes of people, but with the Waterloo 200th anniversary cropping up in the news lately, the trauma of my loss has resurfaced. After a swift self-diagnosis, I proposed two courses of action: I had to meet my Waterloo in, well, Waterloo; and I had to take to eBay to find a vintage Airfix set.

I'm not normally one to heap praise on American multinationals, nor someone to

Someone had pinched the bag containing my beloved Battle of Waterloo Airfix set from our car rack. My shocking conclusion? Life — and people — can be mean

overstate things, but eBay's Saved Searches function might just be the greatest invention since the wheel. After a few weeks inputting "Airfix Waterloo", I'd unearthed a few vintage boxes of French cavalry and Prussian infantry, some even with the figures still attached to the sprues (technical modelling term for the plastic frames the figures come attached to) and also plenty of the 2008 Airfix Battle of Waterloo sets. Don't get me wrong, the '08 is a decent effort, but I was after the original and I finally tracked one down to, of all places, the States.

AIRFIX SET ORDERED, I'm now standing in a corner of a foreign field, looking out across the location of one of the most decisive battles in history. At this point, it's probably worth a whistle-stop historical backstory. By June 1815, and after 20-odd years of trauma, triumph and territorial gain, Napoleon Bonaparte has avoided being devoured by the French Revolution, in which he played

a pivotal role, and has risen to become (irony of ironies) Emperor of France. He is undeniably a military commander and administrator of genius but by 1814, hubris and his assorted enemies have caught up with him. Rather than create a martyr, the Allies — somewhat naively, in hindsight — exile Bonaparte to the tiny Mediterranean island of Elba where he is installed as sovereign. Given that his previous train set included most of continental Europe, Elba soon loses its appeal and Napoleon, accompanied by a handful of soldiers, "invades" France.

The aim? Typically audacious: defeat the four vast armies now dispatched to destroy him by the Allies' Seventh Coalition (a clue, perhaps, to how well the previous coalitions had fared) and lead France back to glory. The plan? First, strike at the Anglo-Dutch and Prussian armies mobilising to meet near Brussels and then turn to face the Austrians and Russians rumbling westward across Europe towards the French border. His hope is that by knocking Britain out of the war, Napoleon can turn off the money tap funding the coalition and the others might just slink off home.

The critical campaign itself begins two days before the battle, on 16 June, 1815. The Duke of Wellington, hero of the earlier campaign to chase Napoleon out of the Iberian Peninsula and now commander of the Anglo-Dutch army, has, by his own admission, been "humbugged" by Napoleon who has crossed the border into the United Kingdom of the Netherlands (which includes modern-day Belgium) before Wellington was expecting. To cut a long story a little shorter, and to adopt football parlance, Wellington meets part of the French army under Marshal Michel Ney at Quatre Bras, a gritty little battle ensues ending in a score draw (with more shots on target from the French), while Napoleon leads the rest of the French force to victory over Field Marshal Gebhard von Blücher's Prussians at Ligny, forcing the latter to retreat away from Wellington. Napoleon orders Marshal Emmanuel Grouchy to pursue the Prussians but Grouchy is too far behind to realise Blücher has reached Wavre, from where he can head west to reconvene with Wellington rather than retreating to Prussia.

Napoleon's audacity pays off, at least temporarily, and by scaring off the Prussians, he buys himself time to turn his undivided attention to Wellington and his Anglo-Dutch army standing between him and Brussels, near the hitherto insignificant hamlet of Waterloo. Then, another twist: on the night before the battle, Blücher, a venerable veteran of 72, gets a message to Wellington to say he is dispatching 40,000 men at daybreak to support the Anglo-Dutch.





Something other than audacity plays a part in warfare - luck. Like many an English cricket team since. Wellington is saved by the rain, thanks to a downpour of biblical proportions and duration on the afternoon of 17 June that sees his infantry soaked to the bone, his artillery struggling to keep its powder dry and his cavalry reduced to sleeping in the saddle to avoid the mud. But crucially, it also slows the French pursuit. Come the following morning (18), Napoleon has to make a decision: attack at once across a shallow valley filled with wet and head-high rye which, when trampled, proves treacherously slippery; or delay the attack while everything dries out, meaning more chance of the arrival of the Prussians.

So, here they are, Wellington and Napoleon, able to see each other across the valley, knowing their fates were about to be settled. As I stand by the crossroads where Wellington spent much of the day, I can't help thinking about these two men, in 1815 both aged 46, just a few short years older than me. Inevitably, I play the "compare your achievements..." game. By the age of 42, Napoleon had conquered most of Europe and a significant chunk of North Africa. Me? Not so much conquering, although getting four young kids into bed sometimes feels like a truly heroic achievement. At 42, Wellington was a rising star, an undefeated general and famed seducer of nubile young Jane Austen-alikes, but he was still Arthur Wellesley, his dukedom coming in 1813. No resting on his laurels, though. Wellington wasn't satisfied with winning the most important battle of the 19th century, and went on to become British Prime Minister in 1828, and later again acted as interim leader. I think we'll leave the comparison game there.

Today, the Battlefield is a strange combination. Elements remain the same as 200 years ago: the wide-open farmland and the gentle depression across which the armies faced each other; the road leading north-south from France to Brussels with La Haye Sainte farmhouse near the crossroads that would be at the crucible of the slaughter. The west, towards Wellington's right flank, is now outflanked by a busy motorway.

Down a scruffy track running a few yards parallel to the motorway and through a small and scruffier-still copse is Château d'Hougoumont. The chateau, farm and its extensive formal gardens and orchards marked the extreme Allied right flank, and it was here Napoleon chose to unleash his first — diversionary — offensive. I'm here on a bright, breezy March day with academic and Waterloo guide Alasdair White. Belgian builders are frantically trying to meet June

deadlines for Project Hougoumont, a charitable enterprise that has raised more than £3.5m to restore a place that was drifting into dereliction. We wander past the small whitewashed chapel, following a jagged wall that stops abruptly in a large open space.

"This is where the chateau burnt down during the siege," White says. "The chapel survived. A few years back, someone broke in and stole the crucifix that had been here since before the battle, but it was spotted up for auction and requisitioned. It will be back in place come the bicentenary."

The defenders of Hougoumont that day 200 years ago are German troops supported by the Coldstream Guards and other British infantry. The French advance from the south through a wood of which nothing remains except three huge sweet chestnut trees. Two are now dead but all are old enough to have stood witness to the drama that ensued. Throughout the day, the French launch wave after wave of attacks while the Allies use loopholes knocked through

The first many of the French know of their impending destruction is huge horses galloping out of the smoke before a swift hack of the sword and eternal darkness

the garden walls to fire their muskets. Eventually, the Coldstreamers outside the walls are forced to take cover inside the north gate and the French, sensing blood and led by a vast axe-wielding second lieutenant called Legros, manage to force the gates before they can be closed. About 30 French make it inside before the Coldstreamers can heave the gates shut. Vicious hand-to-hand fighting ensues within the walls with all the French killed except for a young drummer boy spared to work in the makeshift field hospital in a barn. The battle-within-a-battle at Hougoumont lasts all day, with the 2,500 defenders tying down an estimated 12,500 men, a quarter of Napoleon's entire force. One-third of all the deaths at Waterloo were here, with Wellington later asserting "the success of the battle turned upon the closing of the gates at Hougoumont."

With Hougoumont besieged, Napoleon switches his attention to the centre of the Allies' line, ordering forward the 30,000 men of General Jean-Baptiste Drouet the

Count D'Erlon's 1 Corps at around one o'clock. This formidable French force can only see a small number of Anglo-Dutch. Wellington adopting his favoured tactic of deploying the majority of his forces on the reverse slope of a ridge so the enemy never knows its exact number or position. It means the brutal barrage from the grande batterie of cannons — a classic Napoleonic softening-up technique — is based on mere guesswork, with many of the cannonballs landing harmlessly in the mud. Even so, D'Erlon's troops reach the brow of the ridge in what is now a valley filled with smoke. Bonaparte can only tell what is happening by observing the column of smoke steadily advancing up the hill away from him. With the Allied centre creaking precariously, a staff officer glancing at Napoleon recalled an expression of satisfaction that implied "he thought his battle was won".

But D'Erlon is in for a further surprise. The art of the cavalry counter-attack is timing and the 2,600 British Heavy Cavalry under Lord Uxbridge who thunder up from the rear time their run to perfection, streaming through the broken Allied ranks and smashing into the French. The first many of the French know of their impending destruction is the sight of huge horses, eyes bulging, galloping out of the smoke before a swift hack of the sword and eternal darkness. D'Erlon's infantry are stopped in their tracks, buckle and run, with riders — many of them huntsmen — in pursuit of the French foxes. The British cavalry pursue the infantry back across the valley finding themselves among the cannons of the grande batterie, where they hack away at defenceless French gunners. In The Battle, the definitive account of Waterloo by Alessandro Barbero, he quotes Lord Uxbridge: "Surely such havoc was rarely made in so few minutes." The havoc is about to continue, however, because now the British cavalry, far from their own lines, become sitting ducks for French lancers. In the space of a few minutes, the tables have turned three times and the carnage is escalating.

The armies pause and wonder: where are the Prussians? In an era long before radio, information is hard to come by and unreliable, but Napoleon gets word the Prussians are close, and Blücher, nearly trampled to death by French cavalry at Ligny and since then fortified by brandy, has ridden hard to arrive at the vanguard of his army.

THE NEXT SET-PIECE takes place where the builders are putting the finishing touches to the new Waterloo visitors' centre. It's a large nondescript piece of land with the centre cleverly built underground, so there's no clue



to the struggle that played out here 200 years before, but this was where a large part of Wellington's infantry were waiting. Red-headed Marshall Ney, who would lose four horses at Waterloo, leads 8,900 cavalry including brigades of *cuirassiers*, mostly veterans and resplendent in their gleaming breastplates, up the slopes in the hope of a decisive breakthrough. He has, mistakenly, believed he's seen Allied troops retreating when in fact it is the wounded making their way back to the field hospital in the rear.

At this point, says writer Bernard Cornwell (of *Sharpe* fame) in his book *Waterloo*, the battle becomes a deadly game of rock, paper, scissors. Infantry caught in the open, as had happened earlier to D'Erlon's unfortunates, would be cut to pieces by cavalry. But well-trained troops formed into squares of hundreds of men in three rows with fixed bayonets — first row kneeling, second row crouching and third row firing — could keep cavalry at bay because horsemen could never persuade their steeds

to charge at so much steel. The second the cavalry retreated, however, a stationary square of men became targets for batteries of cannons that could decimate them with canister shells full of grapeshot.

This dance of death continues for two hours with the French cavalry attacking as many as 60 Allied squares on the reverse slope, knowing that one breach in one bristling square and they would be in among the infantry. Time and again, they wheel away unsuccessfully to leave the squares to sit tight under another artillery barrage, with the officers screaming "close ranks", the injured dragged into the middle and the dead thrown out as extra defensive barricades on top of dead cavalrymen and the horrifically maimed horses thrashing around in front of every square.

Not a single Allied square breaks, with Wellington, the master of defensive strategy, himself caught in a square at one point. His rope-a-dope tactics are buying time but losses are mounting. "Give me night or give

me Blücher," he is heard to mutter, and now, after a full 12 hours on the move, the Prussians do arrive behind Napoleon's right flank, forcing the Emperor to redeploy crucial troops from the central assault.

It's last-roll-of-the-dice time for Napoleon. There could be one decisive breakthrough, and in reserve he has the Imperial Guard, then the world's elite fighting force. They have been kicking their heels in the rear all day thanks to Napoleon's confidence, but now they advance to their drummers' beat across the valley and up the slopes, bearskin hats making these already tall troops seem like giant supermen, all the while roaring "Vive L'Empereur!" To quash the rumours spreading through French ranks of the Prussians' arrival, the Emperor rides at their head for a time, shouting that French reinforcements have been spotted. It's a desperate lie. So, onwards the Imperial Guard go, supported by the remains of D'Erlon's 1 Corps on the other side of La Haye Sainte farm. It's do or die. Or both.



La Haye Sainte farm now stands in the shadow of the vast conical Lion's Mound, built in 1826 on the site of the centre of the Allied line to commemorate the sacrifice of Anglo-Dutch dead at Waterloo. The Dutch used soil from the defensive ridge, prompting Wellington to remark later that "they ruined my battlefield". Climb the 226 steps to the summit and you can see the entire battlefield, with the Lion's Mound itself on the spot where the Imperial Guard reached the Allied lines, advancing in immaculate square formation to repel cavalry attacks.

It's at this point that historians disagree. There are plenty of first-person accounts of the battle but everyone's experience is in isolation. In the case of Waterloo, it's an isolation of thick smoke, the reek of death, the deafening noise of near continual artillery fire and exposure to exhausting carnage for an afternoon. Perhaps they got word of the Prussians' arrival, or were disheartened by their journey, or were surprised by unforeseen attacks; what is certain

is that the Imperial Guard, nicknamed "the Immortals", waver and do something they have never done — withdraw. In admirably orderly fashion, mind, retreating in squares, but the momentum is lost, and Wellington, sensing his moment, stands up in his stirrups, takes off his hat and orders an advance.

Napoleon's Armée du Nord disintegrates, pursued by vengeful Prussians, not yet sated even after a day of marching and fighting. Wellington and Blücher meet on the battlefield and embrace each other while Napoleon turns tail for Paris. A month later, after abdicating, he hands himself in to the British after trying to sail to America.

There were 42,000 casualties at Water-loo, with an estimated 10,000 dead. Given the relentless Great War centenaries, we've become inured to these casualty figures, but WWI battles such as at the Somme were fought along fronts sometimes stretching for tens of miles. The killing fields at Waterloo amount to just two square miles of concentrated butchery. Given this scale, it remains a mystery as to where the bodies are buried.

Waterloo ended 475
years of conflict between
England and France,
with the victors going on
to exert hegemony as the
world's only superpower
for the next 100 years



The author surveys the scene in Belgium (above); his replacement Airfix model 40604-4, the Battle of Waterloo Assault Set, finally arrives (below)



"The fields and lanes are dotted with memorials and steles commemorating individuals or military units," Alasdair White says, "but none marking mass graves." Waterloo Uncovered, a new archeological project created by a couple of Coldstream Guards officers, Major Charles Foinette (serving) and former Captain Mark Evans, aims to unearth the answers. "A battle like Waterloo leaves a physical record," Foinette explains. "So far, everything we know about it comes from notoriously unreliable eyewitness accounts, so the only indisputable facts will be the physical evidence."

The team will conduct forensic tests when they inevitably find the mass graves, and aim to scan the areas around Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte to assess where the largest predominance of cannonballs and musket balls are found, all of which will refine the narrative. It will be the first official dig on the battlefield, and a fitting way to celebrate the 200th anniversary. The bicentennial itself is important for another reason. The centenary in 1915 passed almost without notice as the great-grandsons of those who fought at Waterloo were dying in droves along the Western Front in places like Ypres, some 100 miles up the road. This time, Europe can remember in peace.

As ever, there's a school of thought that downplays the importance of Waterloo: Napoleon was a busted flush, they say; normal service would soon have been resumed, they expostulate. Maybe, maybe not, but what is true is that the battle drew a line under 475 years of near-constant conflict between England (later Britain) and France, with Britain — for better or for worse — going on to exert hegemony as the world's only superpower for the next 100 years.

After taking the Eurostar home from Brussels, I unlock the front door to find a large parcel. I open it and tears follow surprisingly quickly. It's Airfix model 40604-4, the Battle of Waterloo Assault Set, scale HO:OO, and I'm eight years old again. The farmer's wagon is there; so, too, the Imperial Guard, drummer and all, and the kilted Highland infantry. Even the crinkling, green moulded plastic box. I remember these things with visceral intensity. That said, it's funny how memory warps over the years. The box itself feels far smaller than I remember, not much bigger than the size of a Monopoly set. I'd remembered it filling up most of my suitcase. (Maybe it had, maybe my suitcase was more of a lunchbox.)

The floodgates open when later I find my five-year-old boy George playing with the soldiers. To date, he's been a Lego chap but he's transfixed and, as I watch surreptitiously, it feels like a ghost has left the room.

Phew!

Men of Esquire: high summer is speeding towards us with the unstoppable force of a tsunami. Are you up for it? Is your body "beach-ready"? Is your blazer the correct shade of blue? Can your BBQ take the heat? Are you packing the right books/ shades/sunscreen? Have you seen the state of your feet? Here we present the 25 "essential" summer skills every stylish man "must" master, or face seasonal "humiliation"

Note from the editors: this list is good for the next three weeks or so — if we're lucky.

Then normal service resumes. (You know: socks, shirts, eating indoors, not having to pretend to like tennis...)

Edited by

Miranda Collinge

Illustrations by

Adam Nickel





Avoid that killer wave

It's summer. You're splashing about in the sea. It's toasty warm. What else could possibly matter? Well, probably that enormous wall of water approaching from out of nowhere. "It's a tough situation to be in," admits current UK surf champion Jayce Robinson. "You're either going to hit rocks or get pushed really deep underwater." But just because that's coming from a long-time surfing pro shouldn't freak you out. Here's what to do. "There are all

sorts of ways you can learn how to hold your breath for longer. Practising them mentally prepares you for when it comes to the real thing," advises Robinson, "and keeping calm is key." Right you are, Jayce.

Bonus tip Book a lesson or two at St Ives Surf School, whose expert instructors include the aforementioned Jayce Robinson (you can quiz him further on that whole "keeping calm" thing). stivessurfschool.co.uk

Rustle up that healthy-looking dish with green stuff in it

We're sure you're an enlightened type who eats salad all year round but JUST in case you're not, we asked Nina and Jo Littler and Randi Glenn, co-authors of new recipe book Thrive on Five (Quadrille), to suggest a leafy wonder to get you started.



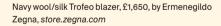
Warm Caesar salad with walnuts

- 160g chestnut mushrooms quartered
- 160g asparagus, cut into 3cm lengths
- Olive oil
- 100g baby spinach
- 60g romaine lettuce, roughly chopped
- 160g cherry tomatoes, quartered
- 160g avocado, peeled and diced
- Parmesan shavings
- A handful of walnuts (or shop-bought croutons)
- Caesar dressing (any good supermarket brand)

Sauté the chestnut mushrooms and asparagus in olive oil for 5mins until lightly golden and tender. Then add the baby spinach and cook for 30 secs until wilted. Mix in the chopped romaine lettuce, tomatoes and avocado. Garnish with Parmesan shavings and walnuts or croutons, and serve with the Caesar dressing, All of your five-a-day, Job done!

Buy a summer jacket that's more useful than that sounds

Once, the only jacket to wear in warmer months (if you could bring yourself to wear one at all) was cut from pale linen in a billowy shape. Given the unflattering fit and quick-to-crease nature of these blazers, they could only be worn a few times a year, which seems a waste. Designers have now started cutting summer jackets from perennially adaptable fabrics like seersucker, jersey and lightweight wool in wearable shades of navy and grey. Zegna specialises in intelligent fabrics, designed to breathe in the heat and insulate in the cold, such as its blazer in woolsilk mix. So, if we were you, start with that.





Maintain eye contact with a colleague in negligible clothing

You've just spent spring ensuring your office is feminist-compliant - vou've had a word with the intern about his mansplaining. dusted off that company equal opportunities handbook and cancelled the Spearmint Rhino team-building night – and then summer throws up a dilemma: female employees wearing all manner of revealing outfits.

"If you find yourself staring, quickly look at something on the floor," advises body-language coach Genevieve Zawada. "It's an occupational hazard for ladies."

If you're feeling brave, try a compliment. Just make sure it's appropriate. "If you have a good relationship then say something flattering," Zawada adds.

But if other employees keep leering, take action. "Have a chat with the girl," advises business communication expert Seán Brickell. "Have another woman present, maybe your PA. Say, 'I think what you're wearing is great but certain men are making inappropriate comments. I've had a chat with them, but also reflect on what you wear. It's your call.' Have a look of warm authority and adopt a gentle tone of voice."

Which - now we see it written down, though it wasn't when Brickell said it - sounds kind of weird. Maybe just notify HR.



Enjoy an ice-cream and keep your dignity intact

We'll save you the innuendo and smut normally associated with lesser men's publications (or AA Gill's column - Ed) and get to the point: how are you meant to consume an ice lolly without looking as if you're orally stimulating a gentleman's penis? Or in the case of the doubleconed 99 with two flakes, a gentleman with two testicles and two penises (peni?). We've asked the experts - and they all agree it's impossible. Instead, use our sliding-scale guide of the treats to enjoy and avoid to guarantee you won't look like a knob. Oh...







Under no circumstances



6

How—and why—to drink rosé (including one called Pansy)

Rosé doesn't deserve its bad rep – just ask Brad Pitt, who produces it on his French estate – so we asked Jason Phillips, owner of Franco's, which boasts London's largest rosé selection, to mount the case for the defence.

"Red can feel heavy on a warm day while a white may not have the tannins and structure to stand up to grilled meats," Phillips says. "For this reason, rosé is the perfect accompaniment to a summer meal." Try these:

Château d'Esclans, Domaine Sacha Lichine, 2013, France

"This wine has the connoisseur's touch. It's like a prestige watch." berkmann.co.uk

Pinot Nero Rosé, Franz Haas, Trentino Alto-Adige, 2013, Italy

"A wine for the practical man; he gets the job done, as does this wine. Consistent, slick and effective." *libertywines.co.uk*

Kim Crawford, Pansy! Rosé, Hawkes Bay, 2013, New Zealand

"Fruit-driven without being rude, a pleasant blend of strawberries, raspberries and watermelon." the drinkshop.com

Choose sunglasses to suit your face shape



The rounder your face, the more angular the shape of your frames should be.

Black acetate, £250, by Oliver Peoples



Best for oval faces, keyhole style frames will balance a narrower jaw.

Metal and hamboo £325 by Gucci



Great for softening more angular faces, round shapes are a big trend for summer.

Palladium and olive acetate, £360, by Cutler & Gross



If in doubt, pick Ray-Ban Wayfarers: this classic, timeless shape suits most faces.

Black acetate £125 by Ray-Ban

All brands available at davidclulow.com

7

Sleep in temperatures over 21°C



Can't get a wink during our annual four-day hot spell? Here's how to:

1. Be prepared

Who can forget the great fan shortage of 2005? Go to Argos. Now.

2. Get wet

A cool shower before bed will bring your body temperature down.

3. Sleep alone

A spell without a human body three inches from yours could make all the difference.

Bonus tip Vagabond Double Ribbed Hot Water Bottle (filled with ice-cold water and clutched like a teddy). £8, johnlewis.com

9 Return a wayward football



A ball rolls towards you, and with it the slow-creeping dread and sepia-tinged flashbacks of PE lessons and something about "using the laces". Footy trickster Billy Wingrove of The F2 Freestylers (thef2.com), explains how to avoid the shameful "scoop up and throw".

"Think about the distance," he says.
"If it's less than 10 yards, your side foot
is more accurate. Place your non-kicking
foot with your toes facing towards where
you want the ball to go, then swing
through and follow that path. Easy."

Bonus tip After something a little more flash? Google the "Rabona Tutorial" YouTube video.













If you must...

Why on earth not?

• 100%

Dignity scale



10

Compile a summer playlist

Ask super-producer Mark Ronson to do it. See below. (And listen to it on *esquire.co.uk*)

- Dollar (Let the Dollar Circulate),
 Steve Spacek
- 2. I Can't Lose, Mark
 Ronson feat Keyone Starr
- Who Can I Run to, Xscape
- 4. U Don't Have to Call, Usher
- Why Don't We Fall in Love (Richcraft Remix),
- Get Involved, Raphael Saadiq feat Q-Tip
- Can't You See, Total feat The Notorious BIG
- 8. Me and Those
 Dreamin' Eyes of
 Mine (Def Squad Remix),
 D'Angelo
- 9. Can We. SWV
- Like a Feather,Nikka Costa
- 11. I Can't Wait, Sleepy

 Brown feat Outkast
- 12. Blow. Bevoncé
- You're Not Good Enough, Blood Orange
- Don't You Forget it,Glenn Lewis
- Get it on Tonite,
 Montell Jordan
- 16. Candy Rain (Heavy D & TrakMasterz Mix),
- Soul For Real

 17. Dance Tonight,
 Lucy Pearl
- 18. Get it Together, 702
- One in a Million (Album Version), Aaliyah
- 20. Long Way To Go, Cassie
- 21. The World (is Going Up in Flames), Charles Bradley
- 22. Without You, Marsha
 Ambrosius feat Ne-Yo
- 23. Listen to Your Heart, Alicia Keys
- 24. Exhibit C,

 Jay Electronica

- 25. No Thang on Me, Snoop Dogg
- 26. Other Side of the Game, **Erykah Badu**
- 27. Taste Your Love,
- 28. The Story, King
- 29. I Can Call You, Portrait
- 30. When a Woman's Fed up, R Kelly
- 31. Calls, Robert Glasper Experiment feat Jill Scott
- 32. Stay This Way,
 The Brand New Heavies
- 33. Sumthin' Sumthin',
- Maxwell

 34. He Can Only Hold Her,
- Amy Winehouse
 35. So Good at Being in
 Trouble, Unknown
 Mortal Orchestra
- 36. Listening Man, The Bees
- 37. Getting' Grown, Cee-Lo Green
- 38. Acid Rain,
- Chance The Rapper
- Breakadawn,De La Soul
- 40. In the Limousine, Francis and The Lights
- 41. Love So Cold, Fryars
- 42. Hardest Part, Laura Welsh
- 43. A Rose is Still a Rose, Aretha Franklin
- 44. These Walls, Kendrick Lamar feat Bilal, Anna Wise & Thundercat
- 45. Getting Out,

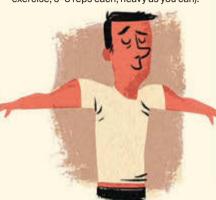
 Daniel Merriweather
- 46. Grown Up Calls, Toro Y Moi
- 47. Million Dollar Bill, Whitney Houston
- 48. Retrograde,

 James Blake
- 49. Didn't You Know (Radio Mix), **Tha' Rayne**
- 50. U Know What's Up, **Donell Jones**

Bonus tip Play it through the Bang & Olufsen Beolit 12 Airplay Wireless Speaker, £400, beoplay.com

Fill out a T-shirt

It's not just bigger arms: you'll need a wider back, broader shoulders and a deeper chest. Here's how to build them up (four sets per exercise, 6–8 reps each, heavy as you can).



1. Wide-grip lat pulldown

Hold the bar on a pulldown machine with a wide, over-hand grip. Pull down to your chest and arch your back. Pause, then slowly raise the bar back. Don't lean back too far and pull using your body weight.

2. Barbell bench press

Lie on a flat bench and using a medium-width grip, lift the barbell from the rack and hold it straight above you. Inhale and bring the bar down slowly until it touches your chest. Pause, then push it back up while exhaling. Lock arms and squeeze your chest, hold for a second, and then bring the bar down.

3. Dumbbell shoulder press

Sitting on an upright bench, hold a dumbbell in each hand at shoulder height. With your palms facing forward, exhale and push the dumbbells upward until they touch above your head. Pause, then inhale and slowly lower the weights back down.



Five items of clothing you must absolutely never wear when you're away on holiday. Or home, for that matter.

Anything locally sourced

Though that collarless cheesecloth embroidered tunic might look great on a local, you'll look daft.

Hats

Visors, caps, pork pies and panamas — unless they're being used to actually keep the sun off your face.

Socks

Obviously you can never wear them with sandals, but the same goes for sneakers, loafers and espadrilles. If your feet sweat, try invisible socks from Falke.

An ill-fitting linen shirt

Yes, it's light and breathable, but linen isn't the only summer fabric. Swap for a pique polo or Sea Island cotton T-shirt instead

Shorts and trainers

White sneakers worn sockless with slim trousers is one thing; worn with black socks and football shorts is another. If in doubt, opt for sandals (daytime) and loafers (evening).



Get your supercar clean for "The Season" (Also applicable to conventional driving scenarios)



The Lambo's gotta look fresh when it gets a ticket for being double-parked outside Harrods, right? "If you pay £150,000 you want it be perfect," says Elite Detailing's Gurcharn Sahota, who'll use a microscope and special clay to remove blotches for £7,000. For you, go for a sponge-beating lambswool wash mitt. £11, cleanyourcar.co.uk

Pack an ant-repellent picnic like a pro

Andrew Cavanna, head of fresh food and hospitality buying at Fortnum & Mason, explains how to pack your hamper.

Pre-mixed cocktails

"Bring chilled, homemade and pre-made negronis in a flask."

Melton Mowbray pork pie

"Good, thick, hot water crust pastry shields the pork filling, which is already protected by the bouncy layer of pig's trotter jelly."

Boiled quails' eggs with celery salt

"Another self-contained, proteinpacked picnic food that holds up well in warm conditions."

Biltong and ierky

"Proper wilderness food that is sturdy, tasty and full of protein."

Chocolate truffles

"Chocolate melts but truffles are self-contained within a hard shell. Also: peppermint creams. Bugs don't like peppermint and the chocolate is too thin to melt."



A jar of piccalilli

"A necessity for pork pies and comes with a lid to beat bugs."

A waxed cheddar truckle

"Cheese should always be eaten at room temperature so any cheese that is protected will be fine outside in the warm air while you eat the rest of your picnic."

English strawberries

"Cut fruit is a magnet to bugs so keep it whole where possible. Strawberries or cherries are perfect for after-dinner nibbling but put the stones in an airtight container afterwards."

Bonus tip

This one's from us: Protector Wasp & Insect Killer Aerosol Spray. £5.50, pestcontrolsupplies.co.uk

All available at Fortnum & Mason, 181 Piccadilly, London, fortnumandmason.com



Avoid getting bored on the beach

Beaches are great for the first seven-and-a-half minutes, but then what? Here are some seasonal suggestions to keep you entertained between dips.

Read this

Wake Up, Sir! by Jonathan Ames

Sozzled Anglophile Alan Blair has his very own Jeeves - at least in his head — to ease him through hangovers and writer's block alike in Ames' fiendishly funny new novel.



On this All-New Kindle Voyage (brightnesssensitive light and weeks-long battery life). £170, amazon.co.uk

Watch this

The Kim Jong-un assassination comedy that got banned (and then sorta didn't) is out in digital HD from 1 June, but keep 'em peeled for North Korean snipers in Speedos



Using this Vibe 1m Waterproof iPad case (built-in stand) £20 red5 co uk

Listen to this

Peace Is The Mission by Major Lazer

Don't be fooled by the melodious opener: Major Lazer's new album is a barrage of blistering, brain-scrambling tunes.



Through this Jaybird BlueBuds X (micro-sized and sweat-proof). \$170, jaybirdsport.com

Improve your serve by approx 172 per cent



You've played doubles and you once saw Nadal's Uncle Tony on holiday, but there's no shot that'll expose your amateur status like a ropey serve. Sky pundit and former pro Mark Petchey knows what to do: "It's about the ball toss: the more consistent, the more serves you'll make. Find a basketball hoop and practise your throwing accuracy. For speed, buy a small American football and throw it to a friend: it'll up shoulder strength."

Bonus tip Grab yourself a Babolat Pure Drive Tour, £135, tennisnuts.com

Pick a melon without looking like Sid James

Fede Cervellin, of produce supplier Natoora, advises: "Ready-to-eat melons have a heady scent and light base. The fruit should feel heavy as it contains dense, sugar-laden flesh." Just make sure you pick them up one at a time.

Bonus tip Look for a Sun Sweet melon from Mantova, Italy. £6, natoora.co.uk



Rlag a knowledge of summer sports

18 Diag a knowledge of su	
Sport	Do say
The America's Cup (saili starts 23 July	ng), "The one international trop Let's hope Sir Ben Ainslie
Tour De France (cycling) 4–26 July	, "This year's course really s Quintana could be in line f
The Open Championshi 12–19 July	p (golf), "It's going to be fascinating his title at The Home of Go
FIP European Champion	ship (polo), "After coming fourth at the

WFDF World Under-23 Championship (Ultimate Frisbee), 12-18 July

ohy Britain has never won. can do the business."

suits the climbers so Nairo for his first yellow jersey."

a to see Rory McIlroy defend

Polo World Cup in trong chance of winning the European Cup where the superior South American sides will be absent."

"Given there are no referees, mainstream sports could really learn a thing or two from Ultimate Frisbee about fair play and sportsmanship."

Don't say

"Is Ellen MacArthur in it this year?"

"I really miss the Lance Armstrong era."

"When does the Ryder Cup start?"

"Sometimes I wonder if there is too much money in polo. Is enough being done to support the grass-roots game?"

"Are dogs allowed?"



Select a good pair of sandals

They're officially a thing this summer. They're also a thing next winter, but that's another story.

If you're a banker, maybe not; if you're in the media, bingo. Opt for black or brown leather and team with slim cigarette chinos. Long sleeves on top will counter the excess flesh below.

Around the house

For S/S '15, it's all about Birkenstocks. Wear with slim-cut stonewash jeans and an oversized cream granddad shirt to avoid the "Orange County earth mom" look

At the weekend

Teva's Original Universal style are streamlined and satisfying. Go for blue or grey nylon and pair with tailored track pants from Bottega Veneta or Wooyoungmi.



Pioneer, £450, by Louis Vuitton. louisvuitton.com

Blue leather Classic, £80, by Birkenstock, birkenstock co.uk

Grey leather Original Universal, £50, by Teva teva.co.uk

Make your feet less frightening



Toes more Middle Earth than Mediterranean? Simran Thethy, of therefinery.com, can help.

- 1. Moisturise twice daily.
- 2. Once a week remove dead skin from your soles with a pumice stone (then moisturise).
- 3. With a towel edge over your thumb, ease back your cuticles and hydrate with a suitable oil.

Bonus tip Aromatherapy Associates' Intensive Skin Treatment Oil £50 aromatherapyassociates.com

Introduce yourself to a swimming pool



Other than returning an errant football (see 9), entering a pool is one of summer's most stressful tasks. You can attempt a Michael Phelps swandive, but you could look more Penny Mordaunt on ITV's Splash - YouTube it - while soaking horrified onlookers in the process. You might also attempt a descent via the ladder, but you'll have to wait for the old ladies. We suggest you sit nonchalantly on

the edge of the pool, legs dangling, then slide over the side and in, like an otter off the bank. Calm, low-key and with zero chance of cracking your head on an unmarked chlorine pump. It's the method an off-duty assassin would use. Probably.

Bonus tip Watch The Swimmer (1968), where Burt Lancaster pool-hops while also having a mental breakdown.

Cook a steak on that Kamado grill Esquire convinced you to buy



The outdoor cooker of the moment (yep, there is one) is the ovoid Kamado grill made popular by brands like Big Green Egg and Kamado Joe, and featured in *Esquire*. Now you've bought one, Jeroen Hazebroek, co-author of *Hot Coals: A Users Guide To Mastering Your Kamado Grill* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) explains what to do with it.

zaiT

- 1. "Use a cast-iron grid, not least because these give you great grill marks. Get your grid to at least 220°C but no more than 240°C."
- 2. "Give the steak a minute after it first touches the grill. If it sticks, shake it a little before lifting it off the grid. Turn it sideways to make diamond grill marks. Grill for two minutes."
- 3. "After grilling for colour, lower the temperature of your Kamado by putting in the shield. Now cook at roughly 150°C until your steak has reached your favourite point of doneness."
- **4.** "Always keep your Kamado closed during grilling. Open only to turn or to affix the heat shield."

Bonus tip Your weapon of choice? Leifheit Proline Kitchen and Barbecue Grill Tongs. £18, *amazon.co.uk*

Have sex outdoors

Hazards to look out for before taking it outside



Fig 01



Fia 04



Fig 02



Fig 05



Fig 0



Fig 06



Avoid an argument with a budget airline

Nothing can ruin a relaxing fortnight on Zakynthos quicker than a delay or cancellation, something that afflicts some 25 per cent of planes leaving the UK. "If your flight is cancelled, you are entitled to either a full refund or an offer of an alternative flight," says James Walker, founder of online complaints tool resolver. co.uk. "If you have an international flight that is delayed by more than three hours and the destination is over 3,500km [away], then depending on the cause you are entitled to compensation."

The amounts aren't to be sniffed at either: between €250 and €600 depending on the distance you're travelling. "When complaining, persistence pays off," Walker adds. "Airlines can be sluggish to respond, and may take up to 28 days to give you anything other than an automated reply. But stick in there, and don't be afraid to send them emails." Basically, moan (like you don't already).

Bonus tip Bring in the big boys and take your claim to the Civil Aviation Authority, *caa.co.uk*. That'll teach 'em.

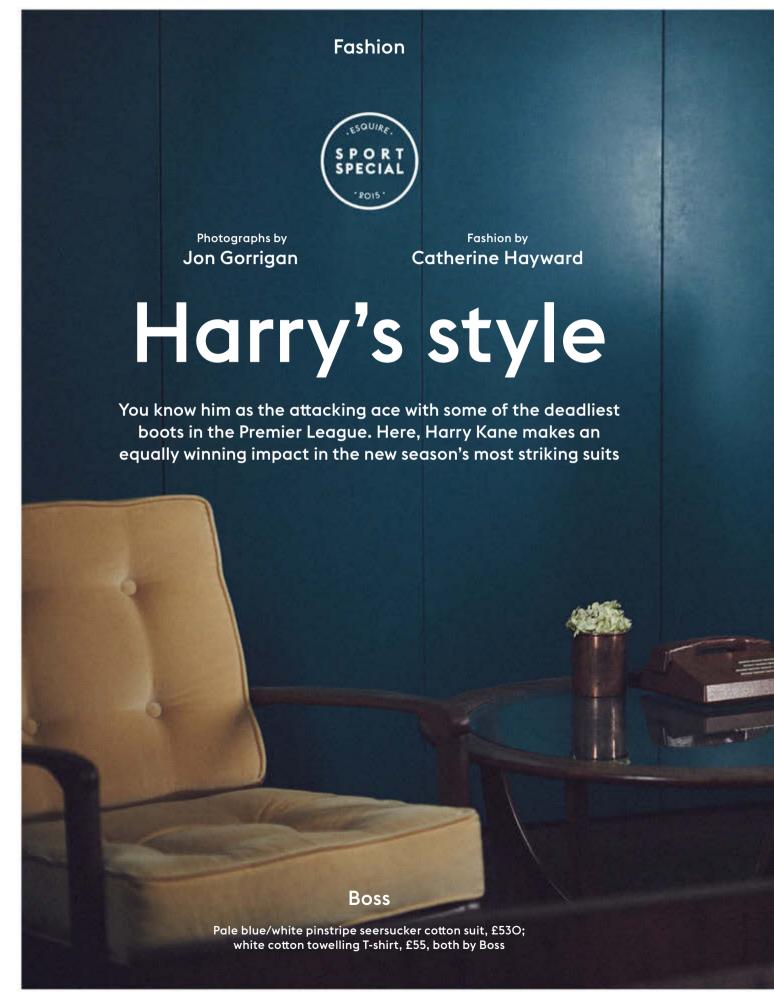
25 Avoid your annual skin-frazzling

If you're fed up of fluctuating between lobster red/Mr Whippy, grooming expert Jules Heptonstall recommends opting for the highest factor sun cream you can find. "The common myth is the higher the SPF factor, the less you'll tan. The reality is a higher SPF will result in a deeper, longer-lasting colour. High-protecting sun creams

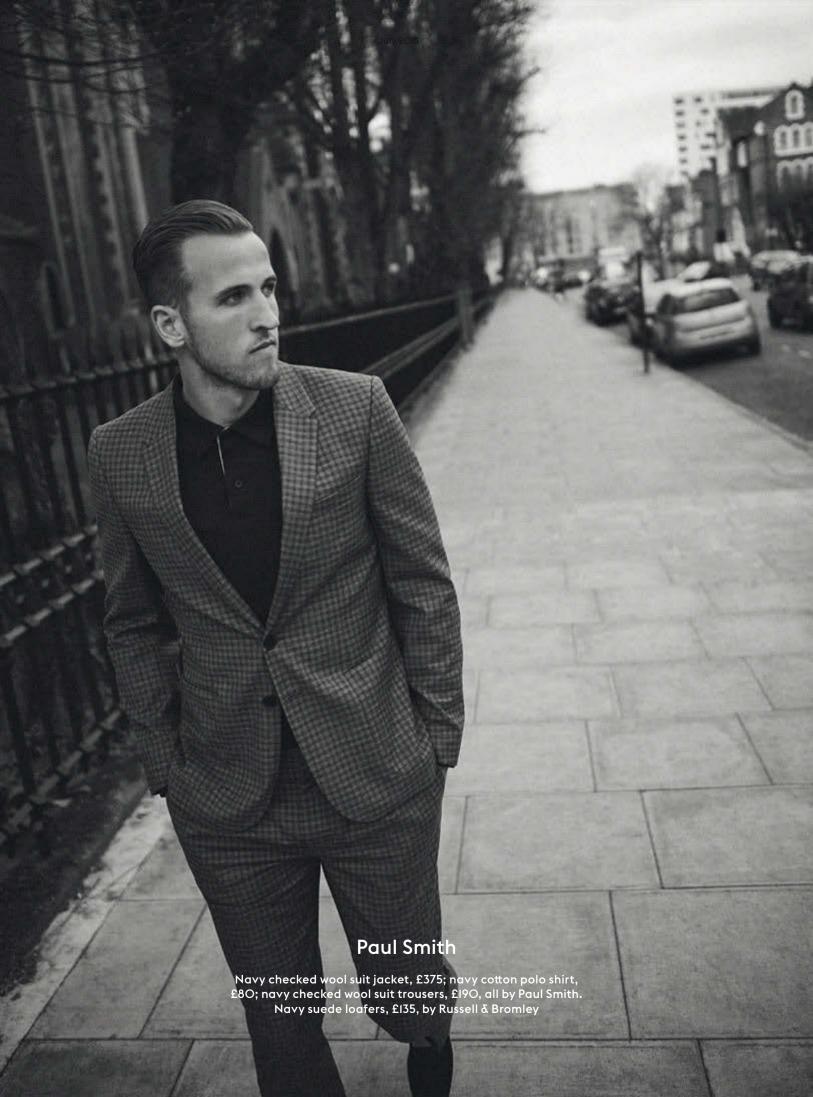
battle UVA, UVB and infrared A rays, which will not only fight off cancer, but keep you looking browner and younger for longer." (Sold! To the human raspberry-ripple at the back.) julesheptonstall.com

Bonus tip Ladival Sun Protection Spray SPF 50 is a good starter. £20, *boots.com*













Fashion

IN A RELATIVELY UNEXCITING SEASON of Premier League football, there was one story that fans of every English club, with the possible exception of Arsenal, could get behind.

After spending long spells on loan to lower-league sides watching expensive foreign imports flow in and out of White Hart Lane, Tottenham's homegrown striker Harry Kane got a rare opportunity for first team football and grabbed it. The 21-year-old Londoner went on to score 30 goals in all competitions — a feat last achieved at Spurs by Gary Lineker — ending the season as club captain with a richly deserved PFA Young Player of the Year award to celebrate.

Memorable goals against capital rivals Chelsea and Arsenal endeared him to home crowds, while a dream England debut scoring just 79 seconds after coming on during a Euro qualifying match against Lithuania completed the unlikely fairytale.

"To go out at Wembley and score is what you dream about as a kid," says Kane as he gets ready for

I think she's even been in the papers a couple of times taking the dogs out," he says.

The canines in question — Brady and Wilson, a black and a white Labrador — are key players in Kane's life off the pitch, which couldn't be further from the champagne and nightclubs stereotype of the modern footballer.

"If I need to relax, I take them both out for a walk, or I play a round of golf. I can't remember the last time I went to a club," he says, no doubt to the delight of manager Mauricio Pochettino. "Obviously, everyone's different, but I love just settling down and having a barbecue with my friends at the house."

The clothes *Esquire* has picked for Kane's shoot are met with approval — "blazer and a shirt, that's my sort of style," he says — though he is bracing himself for the possibility of receiving some stick in the Spurs dressing room when his first modelling job hits newsagents' shelves.

"We'll wait and see," he says warily. "But it's all harmless banter. Most of the lads dress similar to me,

"To score at Wembley is what you dream about as a kid. I've had so many good moments this year but I think that tops them"

another debut — his first fashion shoot. "I've had so many good moments this year that it's hard to choose a favourite, but I think that tops them all."

Part of Kane's appeal is his hard-working and down-to-earth demeanour, which comes across in person as clearly it does on the pitch. Even so, coping with all the hype and attention — often the downfall of young English stars — can't be easy?

"I think I'm adjusting to it quite well," he says. "I was a fan once, too, so I know when people ask you for a picture or to sign something, it's a compliment that shows you're doing something right."

Naturally, the newfound attention isn't only affecting Kane himself. He lives with his girlfriend of four years, Katie, who has been given a taste of the paparazzi treatment, too.

"We went to school together, so she's seen my whole career. Of course, she's finding it a little crazy.

though [midfielder] Étienne Capoue has got some strange outfits. He says he's the 'future of clothing' but I don't believe it to be honest!"

This summer, in between international duties, Kane is planning a well-earned break.

"In the couple of weeks I have off, I'll go away with the missus. To America maybe, or Portugal. Just put my feet up and get a good suntan."

Fans needn't fear, though, as there's no danger of Kane getting out of shape.

"Obviously, I've got to stay fit, so I'll work out in the morning then chill by the pool the rest of the day."

Will he have a few cocktails?

"Not me. I'm probably not allowed. I'll just stick to Coke." \blacksquare

Interview by Sam Parker

Hermès

Black cotton suit, £1,920; white cotton polo shirt, £280, both by Hermès











"Where would I be without my wife? Probably the Jobcentre. When we met, it was a time in my career when I was pretty useless. I wasn't a catch by any stretch of the imagination"

I INTRODUCE MYSELF IN CERTAIN CIRCLES AS FRED but I'm starting to use Andrew a lot more as I get older. I don't like being called Andy.

WHATEVER I DO, IT WILL NEVER BE GOOD ENOUGH in my eyes. That can be hard to deal with but I suppose in some ways it's a strength as well. I wouldn't say I'm a perfectionist because I don't believe that perfection exists.

When I was younger, I'd sit in the pub with my mates and have a drink. Obviously, I was interested in girls but I didn't have a clue how to go about it.

SAY WHAT YOU THINK. Media training teaches you how to speak in clichés, dodge questions and take a positive out of any situation. I find myself screaming at the TV now when sportsmen are being interviewed, but I've done it myself.

I GREW UP IN PRESTON in the middle of five council estates. At my school, there was a teacher who ran a chess club. That's how I got into chess. I opened up the same way every game: I'd lead king's pawn up two, then I'd get my two knights and a bishop out, push the pawn up in front of my queen, bring my other bishop into the game and just take it from there. I played against people who were better than me, who could plan six, seven, eight moves in advance. I didn't have that ability but I was a bit of a maverick so they couldn't really second-guess what I was going to do.

Bowling, I Just DID IT — but I took real pride in my batting. When I did go out to bat, they usually tried to bowl at my head. I didn't particularly like that but I could play it. Then they realised later on in my career that if you bowl it outside the stump I'll just pat the ball to slip.

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT MY WIFE?

Probably the Jobcentre. When we met, it was a time in my career when I was pretty useless. I wasn't a catch by any stretch of the imagination. My ex-girlfriend had just sold a story to the press about what a dud I was in bed so that was an interesting start to our relationship. We've been married for 10 years and we've got three children. We've been through a lot.

Money buys you things, but... this is a cliché - here's my media training! - it definitely doesn't buy happiness. Your state of mind makes you happy; who you spend your time with. Being around my family makes me happy. I enjoy being quiet at home.

I READ TO KILL A MOCKING BIRD by Harper Lee for GCSE. I've read it six or seven times since. I got nine GCSEs at C and above. The only one I failed was Religious Education, which is probably the one thing I've used most since leaving school. Religious Education wasn't just about Christianity; it was learning about the way in which different people live. Going to India and Pakistan and having an understanding of that helped me no end. I think I've taken a little bit from every religion that I've encountered. Essentially, it's all about being a better person and showing respect.

When I retired, we moved to Surrey. It was awful. I just hated it. That's not a reflection of the place where we lived; it's somehow a reflection of me. I'm more comfortable in the North West of England.

In professional sport, you put up an IMAGE. You never want to give anything away. You never want to show weakness. A lot of it is bullshit, really. I'm much more comfortable in myself now, a lot more accepting of people and situations. I look back and think, "You know what? I wish I was like this in my twenties." I would have been a far better player.

I DON'T MIND FAILING. For me, the crime is not trying something.

The saddest thing about the 2005 Ashes SERIES was that it ended. After the fifth test, you wanted to play another 15 because you realised it doesn't get any better than this as a professional cricketer. Anything after that was never going to be as good. That was a great time in my life. However, I don't think it defines me. I enjoyed it - I loved it - but it's not just what I'm all about.

IF YOU SPEAK TO ANY EX-CRICKETER and they say they don't miss it then they're lying. You never want it to end. Unfortunately, it does.

My DAD IS A PLUMBER by trade but he worked for British Aerospace for 30 years making parts on the machines. He was a provider. Growing up, we never went without. He wanted the best for his family and, hopefully, the way I'm bringing up my kids is a continuation of what my father did for us. I learned a lot from my dad.

I'M QUITE SCARED OF THE DARK. I'm getting better but I'm still not great with it. At night, we have the landing light on. Officially, that's for the kids

I'VE REEN AN ELTON JOHN FAN EOD VEADS

I had a testimonial dinner in 2006 and he played 10 songs. I don't get starstruck very often but I did by him, and I did by Sachin Tendulkar. When I played against Sachin, it wasn't a case of just wanting to get him out; I wanted him to walk away thinking I was a good cricketer. I've said hello to him but I've never engaged with him in conversation and in some ways I don't want to because I hold him in such high esteem. I don't know what I'd say. He's amazing.

How do I rate myself as a model? I don't think that David Gandy needs to worry. It's very strange. I've got two looks; a vacant look and another one that's more aggressive. That's for Jacamo. They make clothes for people who are tall, larger... people like me. We have fun with it. I know what I am and I am not a model.

I WORKED BEHIND THE WOOLWORTH'S RECORD COUNTER for three months when I was 16. I loved it. I met some great people, there was the pick'n'mix and I got to hear all types of music. Even to this day, I listen to everything from Neil Diamond to Plan B. Elvis is one of my favourites and his Essential Collection came out when I was working there. I wanted to call my youngest son Elvis but that wasn't getting past the committee.

Andrew Flintoff, photographed at Hawksmoor Air Street, London, April 2015



Read more in our series of What I've Learned interviews at esquire.co.uk



Can golf get its balls back?

There was a time when every ambitious executive was expected to own a set of clubs, when deals were struck on the green and successes were toasted in the 19th hole. Golf's never been cool exactly, but it was always popular. Until now. With memberships down, equipment sales in a hole and sports like cycling taking over, Tim Lewis asks whether the "good walk spoiled" can be resuscitated as a participatory sport, or is it the end of the fairway for golf?

AT THE 2005 OPEN AT ST ANDREWS, before 300 rowdy athletes, models and drunkards, Paul Casey cut the ribbon on the Golf Punk Clubhouse, while Ian Poulter — he of the bottle-blond hair and Union Jack slacks clowned around behind him. The Golf Punk Clubhouse was not really a clubhouse; it was a pub called The Gin House that the delinquent magazine - staffed by ex-Loaded journalists and backed by Premier League footballers - had repurposed with the addition of a jukebox and two-dozen Bunker Babes. Golf Punk had been denied accreditation to the tournament by the Royal & Ancient, the governing body of the sport in Britain, but for that week it didn't matter. Everyone important, interesting or eccentric came to them. Sophie, the in-house "Golf Nurse", offered advice on sports psychology to Colin Montgomerie and Lee Westwood. Adam Scott, a future world number one, hung out on their tour bus. Yes, they had a tour bus, too.

The Golf Punk Clubhouse brought to life the scenes in the 1980 comedy Caddyshack where Bushwood Country Club is taken over for Caddy Day. "I don't like the term, but it felt completely rock'n'roll," recalls Tim Southwell, editor of Golf Punk, then and now. "There was a mezzanine level and we looked down on this fucking mental scene below us: the *Golf Punk* Clubhouse at St Andrews! Seeing the celebrities and the amount of energy, enthusiasm and passion made us think we could change golf in a really significant way."

Southwell's optimism in 2005 was understandable: Golf Punk was winning awards, its circulation was growing and the sport itself was on a streak. Tiger Woods, on his way to an emphatic victory at St Andrews, was at the unstoppable peak of his powers. He was the most famous athlete on the planet. The way Woods played it, golf was a vigorous physical endeavour, not the outdoorsy cousin of darts and snooker. It could even be a stylish pastime now, thanks to the drainpipe pants and vibrant tanks of Swedish designer J Lindeberg. A celebrity-golfer list in days gone would have featured Tarby, Terry and Brucey; now the ambassadors were Justin Timberlake, Will Smith, Jack Nicholson and Jessica Alba.

Ten years ago, it felt like our futures spooled in front of us. From here on, we would take business meetings on the golf course and spend the weekends with our Lindeberged wife and kids drinking Arnold Palmers with our friends at a private club up a snaking, crunchy-gravel driveway. During

the week, we could brush up our skills or go for work outings at Urban Golf, state-of-the-art simulators that had recently been installed in London by a dashing 24-year-old professional called James Day. In a disused print works in Soho, all exposed brickwork and Danish leather sofas — and soon in Kensington and Smithfield — we could play St Andrews or Pebble Beach with no handicap card while wearing jeans, flip-flops or in our boxer shorts, if we so chose.

What? It didn't turn out like that for you? Me neither. Maybe you have a wife and children these days, but I'm guessing they would not be whelmed if you announced you were nipping down the golf club, and that you might be gone for some time. Whether you'd call it modern life or the emasculation of the British male, the laid-back indulgence of golf has begun to seem quaintly anachronistic. Fathers have, on average, about two-and-a-half hours a week to take part in sport — mothers typically half that — which is scarcely enough for nine holes.

So, you've changed, but also golf's fortunes nosedived. Tiger Woods admitted to sex addiction and on the course he now projects a rheumy-eyed fallibility, even mortality; TV audiences have sunk with him, down

in the US by up to 45 per cent. Neither Casey nor Poulter backed up their promise, or in the latter's case, his gob. *Golf Punk* ran out of money in 2006 and was resuscitated by Southwell as an online magazine in 2012. Urban Golf survived the economic crisis, but "it wasn't fun" admits Day with a pained smile. Corporate memberships of golf clubs have all but disappeared.

But these are superficial markers of the problems the sport faces. Golf really is in a hole. Young people — "millennials" aged 13 to 30 — are not taking up a game they regard as costly, elitist and time-consuming. Equipment manufacturers report devastating returns as golfers lose faith in the promises made for super-size, longer-than-ever drivers. Prestigious golf courses, especially in America, are being redeveloped or lie derelict. In the early 2000s, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, had 120 courses, one for every 200 residents; now many are overgrown jungles where police have found crystal-meth labs.

Golf has to change but no one believes that the cronies who run it — the men who wouldn't recognise *Golf Punk* a decade ago — are capable of the overhaul it needs. After all, it took 260 years for the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews to admit women; can they really take the dramatic measures to arrest the sport's decline before it's too late?



ON A RECENT MONDAY morning, at an hour that feels ungodly but is technically 7:30am, four men arrive at North London's Highgate Golf Club. Three — James Day, David Ford and James Chappell — work for Urban Golf; the other is investment banker David Meacher, a Highgate member for 30 years, more than half his life. On the way in, Radio 4 notes it is "the coldest 27 April on record" and the chill and the early hour means they have the course to themselves, as they hoped.

Day has devised an experiment in "speed golf", something he believes has never been tried before. The four will split into two pairs and see how many holes they can play in 90 minutes; they carry 10 clubs instead of the 14 allowed, no trolleys. The winner will be the team that scores the most "stableford" points - a system that awards points (from zero to six) for the number of strokes taken on a hole - in that time. It is an intriguing premise: the more holes you play, the more points you can potentially accumulate; but, if you rush too much, the quality of your play will likely deteriorate and your score will suffer. On the first tee, the two teams synchronise iPhones then Day blasts off with a tinny clunk.

The most common explanation for the

recent decline of golf is the financial crisis. The sport is expensive, so in the squeeze the first luxury to be sacrificed was the club membership (think from £5,000 to upwards of £200,000 per year at some name courses). Day shakes his head. "People link golf's problems to the recession, but that's way out," he says, as we scuttle down the first fairway. "The major thing is the game takes too long. If you're an average working man, you work pretty hard, you've got a wife and kids, the bloke doesn't go out at the weekend for an entire day anymore. On Saturday, leave the wife; it just doesn't happen. The issue is golf doesn't fit into modern life."

We reach his ball, Day pulls out a pitching wedge, no practice swing, lazily loops the ball onto the green. "The number of rounds being played is going to go down — that's done," he continues. "That's a modern life thing. You're not going to change the world. The challenge is how do you stop that from being a slide into absolute nothingness."

Day has good reason to talk in such absolutes. Between 2004 and 2013, one-infive golfers in England gave up their club membership; in the same period, membership dropped in Scotland by 14 per cent. The number of people playing golf at least once a month has declined by more than a quarter in the UK since 2007. The story is similar in Australia and Japan — which has lost 40 per cent of golfers from a peak in the mid-Nineties - and is especially pronounced in the US, which has almost half the world's players and courses. Each year for the last 10 years, more 18-hole facilities have closed down in America than have been built; that trend is expected to continue for at least another decade. (And, because of the brute power of the pros these days, the rare courses that do open are often long and nightmarishly hard.)

The languid pace of golf is clearly a problem. The final pair in this year's Masters took more than five hours to complete their round — and that's two experts, rather than the four hackers who play together on most courses, spending what feels like days looking for a speck of white in the long grass. For Day, professionals set the worst possible example: "People play their weekend game now as if they are playing for a million dollars and they've got television cameras on them."

Again true, but it's not the whole picture. As golf's popularity has declined, cycling

has become the "new golf". While almost 200,000 English golfers deserted the game in the last decade, cycling has seen its ranks boosted by 270,000 in just the previous 12 months. Research from 2013 found that 20 per cent of British golfers who gave up the sport did so explicitly to ride a bike. One of those is Peter Chipchase, the 37-year-old group communications director of the Soho House members' clubs. Chipchase - his name even sounds like a pitching technique - played golf every other weekend throughout his twenties, whittling his handicap down to 16, but four years ago he started cycling seriously and he is about to ride his third L'Etape du Tour in France.

"Golf is a very male-dominated, old-world pastime," Chipchase says. "I'm quite competitive, but I found with golf you'd turn up and it would be all about the competition. That undermines and overwhelms for me any social aspect to it. Whereas, there's more of a shared culture around cycling between the people who do it. It's just a bit more relaxed and conducive for conversation."

The golf course was meant to be the office of the future, but Chipchase never found that. "I've built up a network of people much quicker through cycling: film-makers, writers, designers... and tailors," he says. "The guy who made the suit for my wedding I met cycling. Golf tournaments always seemed to be organised by financial institutions and things like that."

Confusingly, in some key ways golf and cycling are not so different. Neither sport is cheap: a road bike can easily cost the same as membership of a prestigious golf club. Both can take a long time: riders think nothing of disappearing for six hours at a stretch. And both sports are currently awash with exceptional home-grown role models for amateurs to emulate: for Bradley Wiggins and Mark Cavendish in cycling, golf has Northern Ireland's Rory McIlroy, the world number one, and Justin Rose, the 2013 US Open champion and runner-up at this year's Masters.

Golf's problem really is one of image: while cycling evokes freedom and wind-in-your-helmet vitality, golf is uptight and governed by rules that haven't changed for centuries. "Most clubs are still entrenched in a tradition and a committee behaviour," says Tim Southwell. "So when some kid comes in, 20 years old, who wants to have fun, he's

The number of people playing golf at least once a month has declined by over a quarter in the UK since 2007

confronted immediately with about 55,000 things he can't do. And he's supposed to be paying for the privilege. Compared to any other service industry — which is what golf is at the end of the day — you don't really get that anywhere else. Someone telling me to tuck my shirt in when I'm 40 years old or whatever? I just don't need it, do I?"



In April Last Year, the day after the Masters, two of the world's best players, Sergio Garcia and Justin Rose, went head-to-head in a less traditional event. On Reynolds Plantation, Georgia, the cups — usually 4 1/4in — had been widened to 15in. Tests projected that most players would shoot 10 shots lower over a full round, sinking putts from all over the green; in the event, Garcia scored 30 for nine holes and beat Rose by three strokes.

The initiative was set up by Hack Golf (strapline: "How do we make golf more fun?"), an online forum for offbeat ideas, run by Adidas's TaylorMade golf brand and the PGA of America. TaylorMade, the dominant maker of golf clubs and clothing, has a vested interest in reinvigorating the sport. Last year, its sales plummeted by more than a quarter. Gloomily, the company projected more "significant negative headwinds" for the sport.

Tough times call for extreme innovations and 15-inch cups might just be the beginning. The issue they address is that golf is a difficult sport, maddeningly finicky and complicated. It's said 10,000 hours of practice allows you to become an expert in most endeavours; in golf, you'll be lucky to break 90 on a par-70 course after that period. Robert O'Neill, the Navy Seal who put three bullets in Osama bin Laden, was advised to take up golf to treat his post-traumatic stress, but he decided it was "more stressful than combat". Comedian Larry David found obsessively playing the game forced him to endure the four stages terminal patients go through before death. One was bargaining: "Please, God," he wrote in the New Yorker. "All I want to do is hit the ball. What is it You want? Good deeds? Give me a swing and I'll give You good deeds up the wazoo. I'll help sick kids, the homeless... well, sick kids. I'll stop all the mocking. I'll give up cookies, coffee, coffee cake, cashmere... Just let me hit the ball!"

So, what if there was a golf ball that always flew straight and true? Or a driver that guaranteed an extra 30 yards? Those would be good things, right? Well, those products already exist. Sort of. "Non-conforming" golf equipment — explicitly pieces of kit not approved by the Royal & Ancient, which sets the rules for most of the world,



PGA Tour star Sergio García playing in an experimental tournament using 15 in cups, designed to make golf more accessible and fun for novice players, Reynolds Plantation, Georgia, April 2014

and the United States Golf Association (USGA), which governs America and Mexico — used only to be found in the classifieds of golf magazines or from specialist Japanese suppliers. But now, it seems inevitable they will become more popular with occasional players who don't want golf to be such a self-flagellatory experience.

One such product is the Polara golf ball; four million have been sold, most in the US but some in the UK. Polara uses smart aerodynamics — shallow dimples along the ball's equator and deeper dimples on its two poles — to correct slices and hooks by up to 75 per cent. "It's a straightforward engineering principle, nothing magical," says Graham Ballingall, CEO of Polara UK. "But the ball builds confidence and makes for a more relaxing game. It's faster as well, because you are not spending time looking for your ball. At the end of that round you're going to want to play another one instead of thinking, 'Gosh, I've had enough of this."

James Day sees a definite appeal in non-conforming equipment, even if he wouldn't resort to it himself. "In the next 10 years we'll see the emergence of the experiential golfer," he predicts. "The golfer who has a family and it's a real treat he or she organises with mates, a real savoured experience. They don't care about the equipment, they just want it to be fun. They want the ball to go miles, they want it to be easier. Because these guys are experiential — they don't care!"



AT HIGHGATE GOLF CLUB, the speed golf experiment is nearing a tense finish. James Day and David Meacher are playing fractionally more slowly but consistently; behind them, David Ford and James Chappell look like they are falling back on the scorecard until Chappell holes a blind 95-yard pitch on the 12th hole for an eagle two. Time runs out for Day and Meacher on the 18th fairway, having racked up 36 stableford points; Ford and Chappell complete their round, but Chappell's putt on the final hole slides agonisingly past the cup and they finish with 35.

It's not even 9:30am as they catch their breath in the clubhouse; it may have been the coldest 27 April ever, but all the men are in shirtsleeves. Meacher devours a Coke and a Mars bar, a rare occasion where those calories are justified after a round of golf. All of them are surprised their games were not more affected by the time constraint. "You just think, 'How can I get the ball in the hole as quick as I can?" Meacher says. "It takes out a lot of the crap, you don't have time to think of it." Ford chips in: "And if you tee'd off at 7am, you'd be in the office by half-nine. Though you'd probably need a shower."

Best of all for the four lifelong players, the game was still recognisably golf. "Golf needs radical change," accepts Day, "but when commercial organisations creep in with 15-inch cups, that starts to take away the integrity of the game. That's the really scary thing."

Speed golf might be a solution for time-poor golfers, but why would anyone take up golf in 2015? When this subject is raised at Highgate Golf Club, there is a surprising consensus: pitch and putt. From Jack Nicklaus down, everyone agrees knocking a ball round a short course with an iron and a putter is a perfect way to start. It's cheap, you can wear what you like and there are almost no rules. Day wants to see struggling clubs become 16-hole courses, with the two spare holes converted to pitch and putt for juniors.

On 16 July, the Open returns to St Andrews. Tiger Woods, battle-scarred, is likely to return; even the *Golf Punk* Clubhouse will be back, taking residency in a pub called The Rule, as The Gin House is now known. Despite the problems it faces, Southwell is adamant there's still room for a bit of anarchy in golf. "It's easy to slag off what's wrong with golf, but it's the most democratic sport anyone can play," he says. "I could play Tiger Woods and, on my handicap, I could actually beat him. And anyone can cheat playing golf, it's the easiest thing in the world, but hardly anyone ever does. There's not many sports like that."

Southwell pauses, tries to sum up his feelings towards this arcane, ornery sport. "Golf makes bad people better people if they play it," he says finally. "I truly believe that."



"Of course I have failed at many things. My first marriage. I lost four Wimbledon finals. I don't see three of my kids all the time so I have moments of guilt. I don't like that"

I'M NOT YOUR CLASSIC GINGER. Really I'm not, but if there is a ginger cab driver we give each other the thumbs up because I'm in the brotherhood. My hair colour depends a lot on whether I'm in the sun or not. If I spend winter in London, I go almost brownish. I have highlights in it once in a blue moon.

In order to be better than the rest you have to struggle a little bit, maybe even suffer

to overcome your obstacles and your demons and those inner fears that we all have.

HAVE I EVER REEN IN A FIST FIGHT? Sure You should see the other guy. It was a while ago in a bar in Miami. Some bloke insulted my girlfriend at the time. She was black. He made racist comments. I said, "Talk to me." I broke a finger because of that. I'm temperamental and if somebody pisses me off I don't shy away.

THE KEY TO TENNIS, unfortunately, is always going to be footwork. It's not so much about the swing. If you can physically get to the ball then it's easy to hit it. I'm 10 per cent of the player I was. Because of my very physical style I'm paying the price now. My right ankle has been broken so many times. I have two new hips. I'm pretty scarred up. I can't run any more.

I AM FROM AN ERA where a spoken word is stronger than a contract. So, if I tell you certain things, that's it. Moral values are very important to me. You've got to keep your word.

WHEN I COME INTO MY HOUSE, I put things where I think it's in order and then my wife comes — or the maid comes — and puts them somewhere else so I can't find them the next day. That drives me crazy.

FOR YEARS, I LOVED NUTELLA but it's a bit too sweet for me now.

Even if you're down and out you can't give up. When I was playing tennis, my motto was always, "You've got to find a way."

IAMA CHRISTIAN BUT I DON'T GO TO CHURCH

every Sunday. We all like to believe in the afterlife and everything but I haven't yet met anybody that came back. Have you?

THE GERMANS EXPECTED ME TO WIN every tournament. Didn't happen. They were proud of me and they loved and respected me, but they wanted to choose my girlfriend as well. I've been married to two women that are mixed race. Germany is a very civilised country, we're an open society and there's very little racism, but their beloved son Boris should have been married to a blonde, blue-eyed girl.

THE THING WITH GETTING A BIT OLDER is you become wiser in choosing your words. Maybe they have the same meaning but you're

not insulting other people. I GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN called Leimen, [in] West Germany, in those days. Very

close to Heidelberg. My father was an architect. He built the tennis club where I first played. Little Boris picked up a racket at three or four. I have one older sister, Sabine. She was my first coach.

AT SCHOOL, I WAS GOOD IN SPORTS. Surprise, surprise! I was also good in maths and geography. Latin, too. I couldn't really fathom chemistry or biology. I was a decent student, I'd say.

I LOVE WHISKY. It's got to be single malt. I like cigars, too. If I could choose one cigar with a nice double Oban with two ice cubes, I would take a Cohiba Behike 54. The true whisky drinkers don't have it with ice, maybe just a splash of water.

IF YOU'RE HAPPY IN YOUR PRIVATE LIFE, that reflects on everything else. That's the bottom line. You go through phases but, knock on wood, I'm in a good spot.

I was very close to my father. He passed away in 1999 when I was 32. He was 65. He had stomach cancer. Until you lose a parent you really can't imagine what that's like.

I don't think about my tennis career

on a daily basis or look at old videos. I was very satisfied and happy while it lasted but I was equally happy and satisfied when I quit. That was when I was 32. I was still pretty good but you're playing guys that are 10 years younger. They're quicker, fitter and fresher.

Money represents freedom. A way to change your lifestyle. The possibility to better your family's life. It's a reality.

I don't feel like I've missed out on anything, even though I've had a very disciplined life. Very goals-oriented. Very driven. Very stressful, you could say. If I made a mistake I had nobody to blame but myself, but I was the captain of my ship so I felt that I did all of the things I was supposed to do. That gives me sort of a calmness about it now.

ADVICE ABOUT WOMEN? Like I would know, right? You've got to be yourself but have a bit of swagger, the confidence that, you know, you're the one she's looking for. At least you have to believe that! Then just give it a go.

I can Forgive but I can't forget.

WHAT I REGRET, actually, is not so much that I didn't win the French Open during my career, it's that I lost four Wimbledon finals. I've been in seven Wimbledon finals, which was great. I've been in two semi-finals, so I had a good run. But I lost *four* finals. Out of the four, at least one I think I gave away. That was to Stefan Edberg when I lost to him 6-4 in the fifth set [1990]. I was up a break. I should have won.

IF I COOKED FOR MYSELF I'd probably starve. I'm good at helping to prepare a meal, though. I will take responsibility for choosing the wine and I don't mind doing the shopping, but I'm bad in the kitchen.

OF course I have failed at many things. My first marriage. I consider that a failure. I lost four Wimbledon finals. I consider that a failure. I don't see three of my kids all the time so I have moments of guilt. I don't like that. So the list is long.

AM I THE UK'S FAVOURITE GERMAN? Maybe. I don't know. The competition isn't very stiff.

Boris Becker, photographed in London, March 2015



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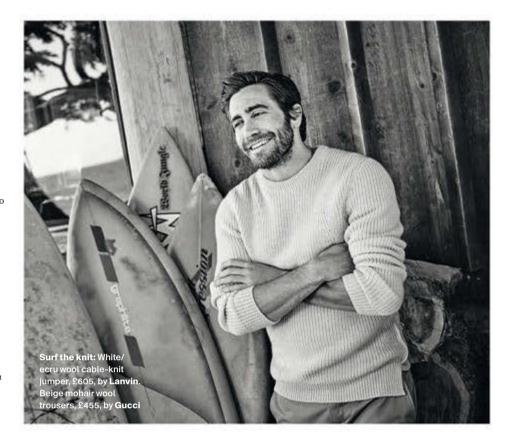
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Though many swimwear brands probably view St Tropez as the ultimate retail location, few can say they actually originated there. In 1971, Fred Prysquel, founder of Vilebrequin, was sitting in a café and began sketching out on the tablecloth a new design for swim shorts, inspired by the colours, characters and carefree glamour of the chic seaside town. Over 40 years later, that original design — the Moorea — is still Vilebrequin's flagship product. Cut from a quick-drying polyamide cloth, the shorts are finished with a Velcro closure pocket cut by hand to ensure pattern alignment, and engraved zamac-alloy aglets on the ends of the braided drawstrings.

RAYMOND WEIL

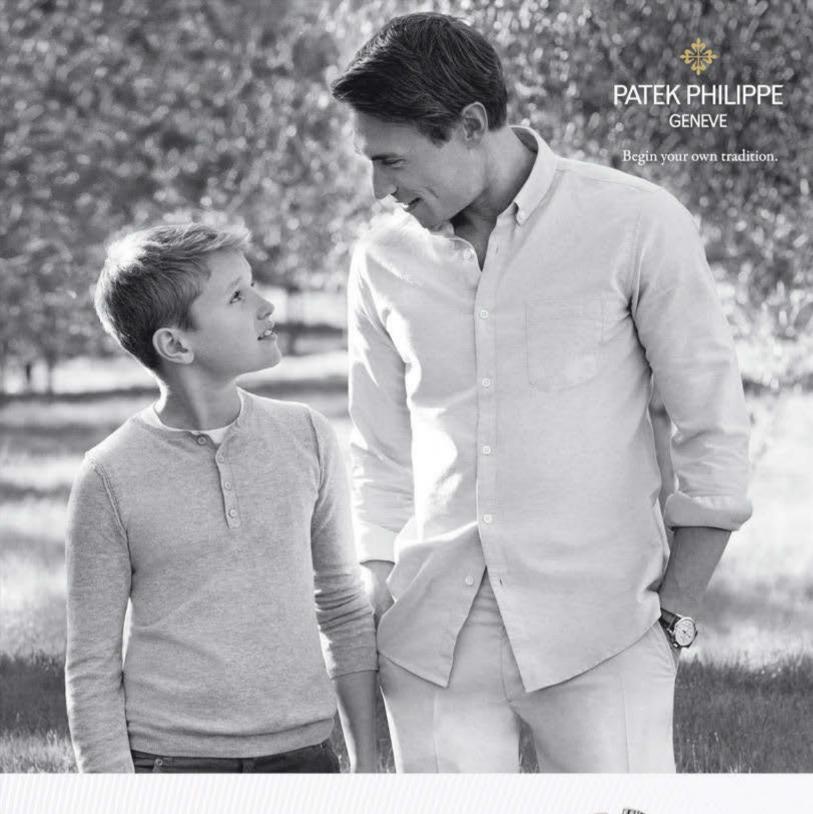
GENEVE



RAYMOND WEIL proudly presents the maestro Frank Sinatra. Limited Edition in homage to the ultimate music icon. This unique timepiece was created in partnership with Frank Sinatra Enterprises as part of the "Sinatra 100" Centennial Celebration and is limited to 1,212 pieces in reference to the artist's birth date. Happy Birthday Frank!

Limited Edition - maestro

Join the celebration #RWSinatra100



You never actually own a Patek Philippe.

You merely look after it for the next generation.



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